

THE DR WHO

annual 1973

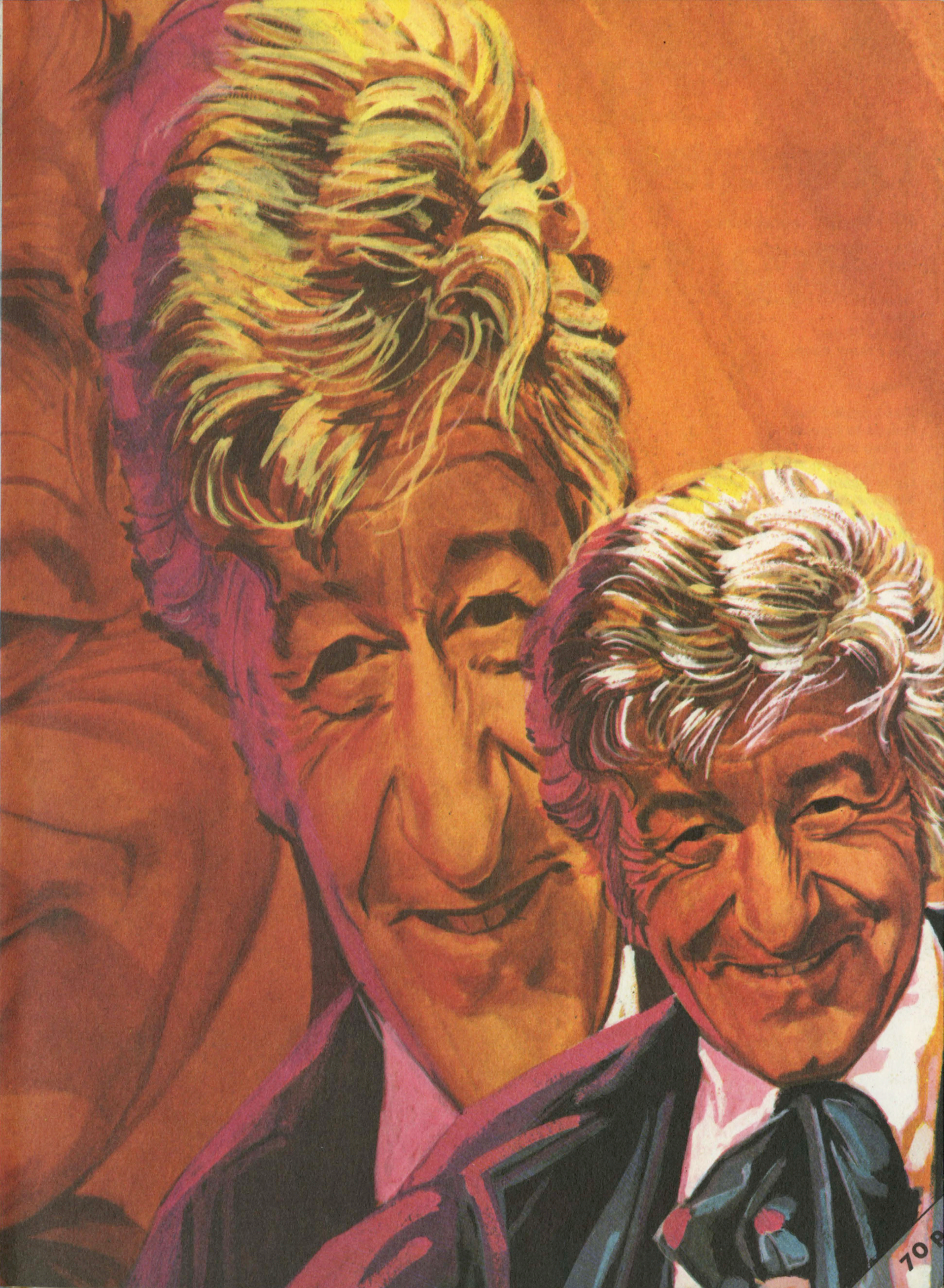


Starring JON PERTWEE
as DR WHO

Authorised edition
as seen on

BBC tv





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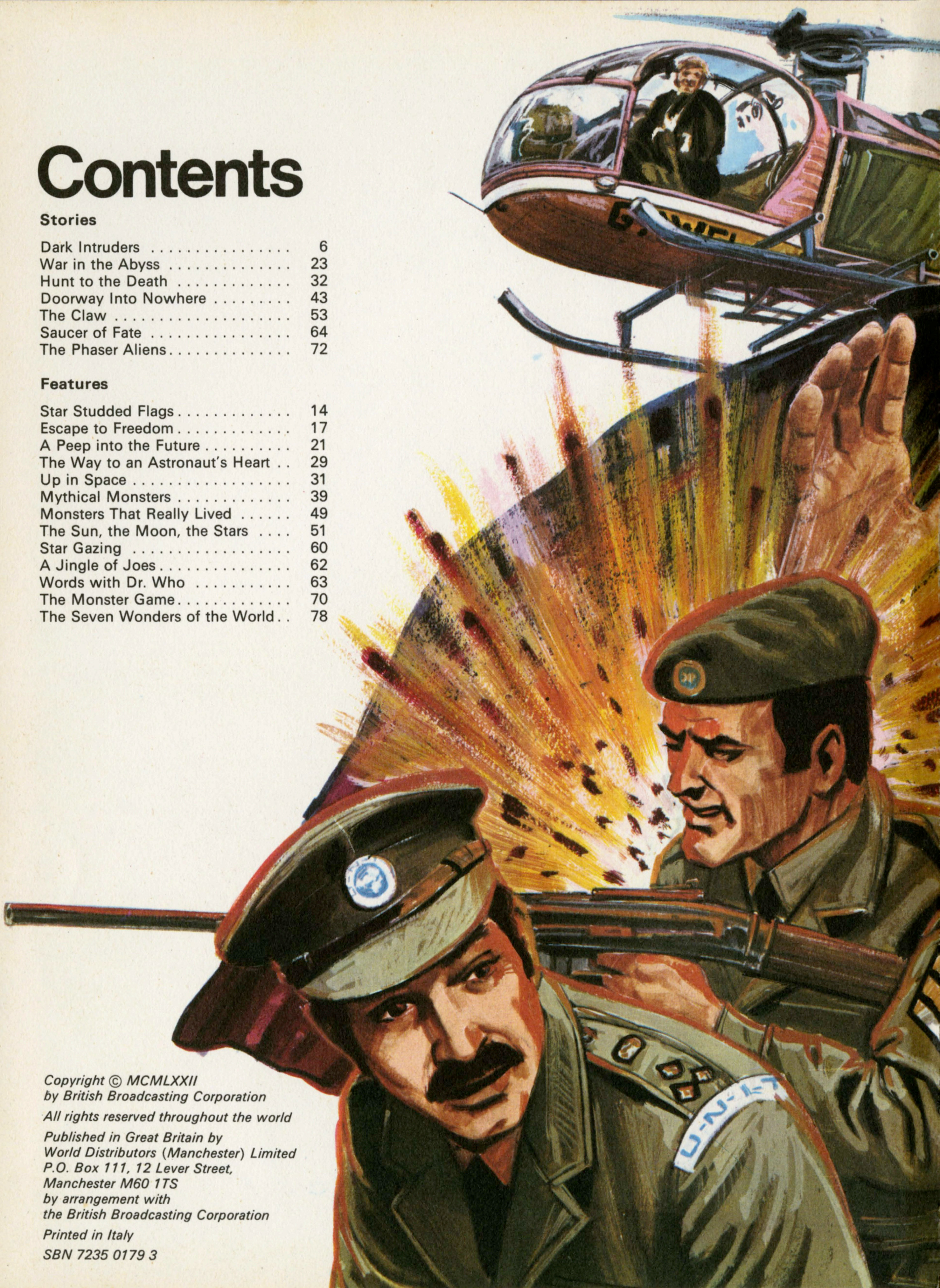
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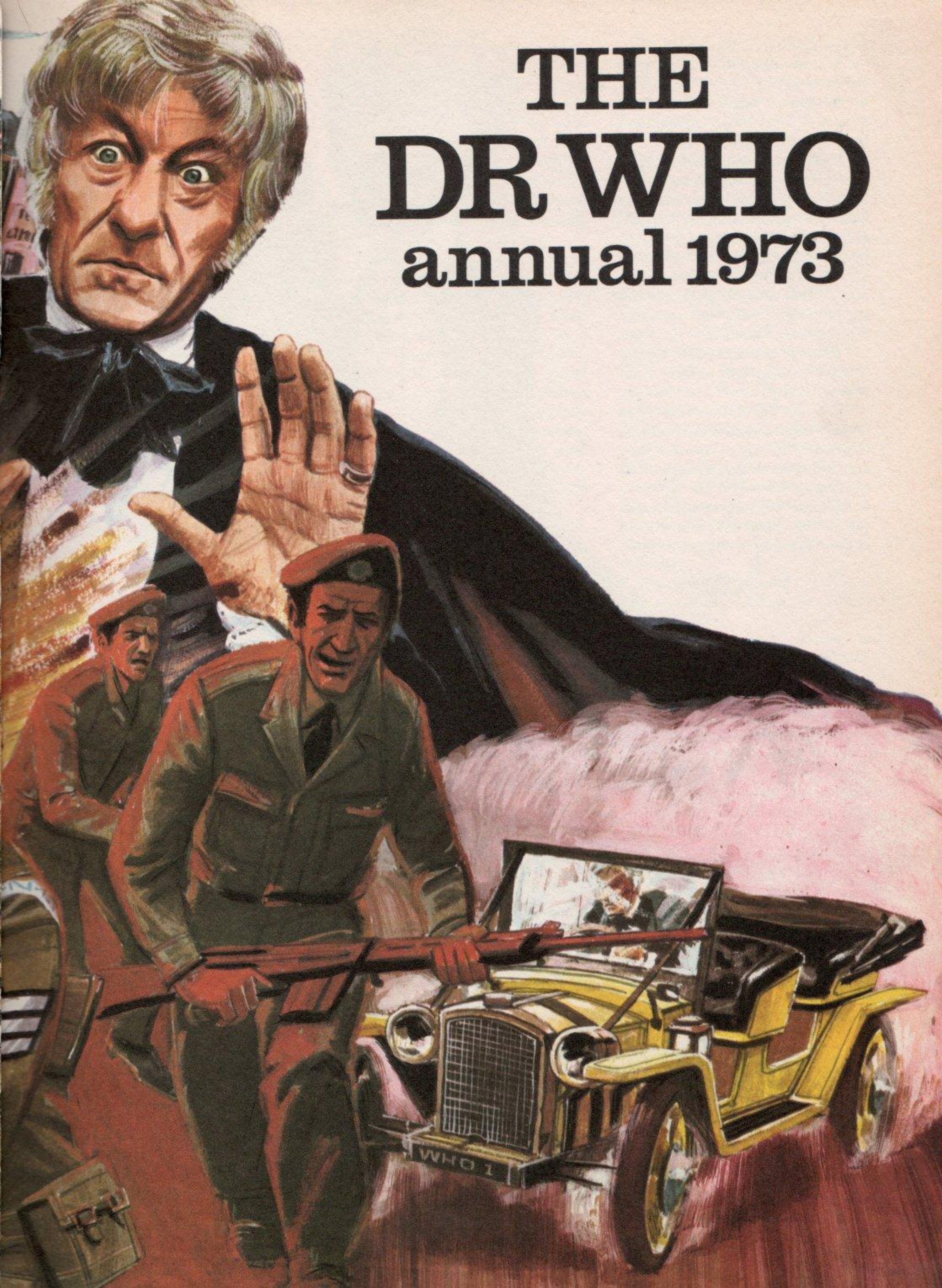
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THE DR WHO annual 1973



"A perfect splashdown!" enthused Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart.

"A rather crude method of descent—but quite effective," conceded Dr Who.

Jo Grant stared, fascinated, at the television screen which had been rigged up on the deck of the American aircraft carrier, *Pohontas*. She and Dr Who had been invited by the Brigadier to join the special UNIT detachment on board the ship which was to pick up the capsule that had just splashed down in the Pacific.

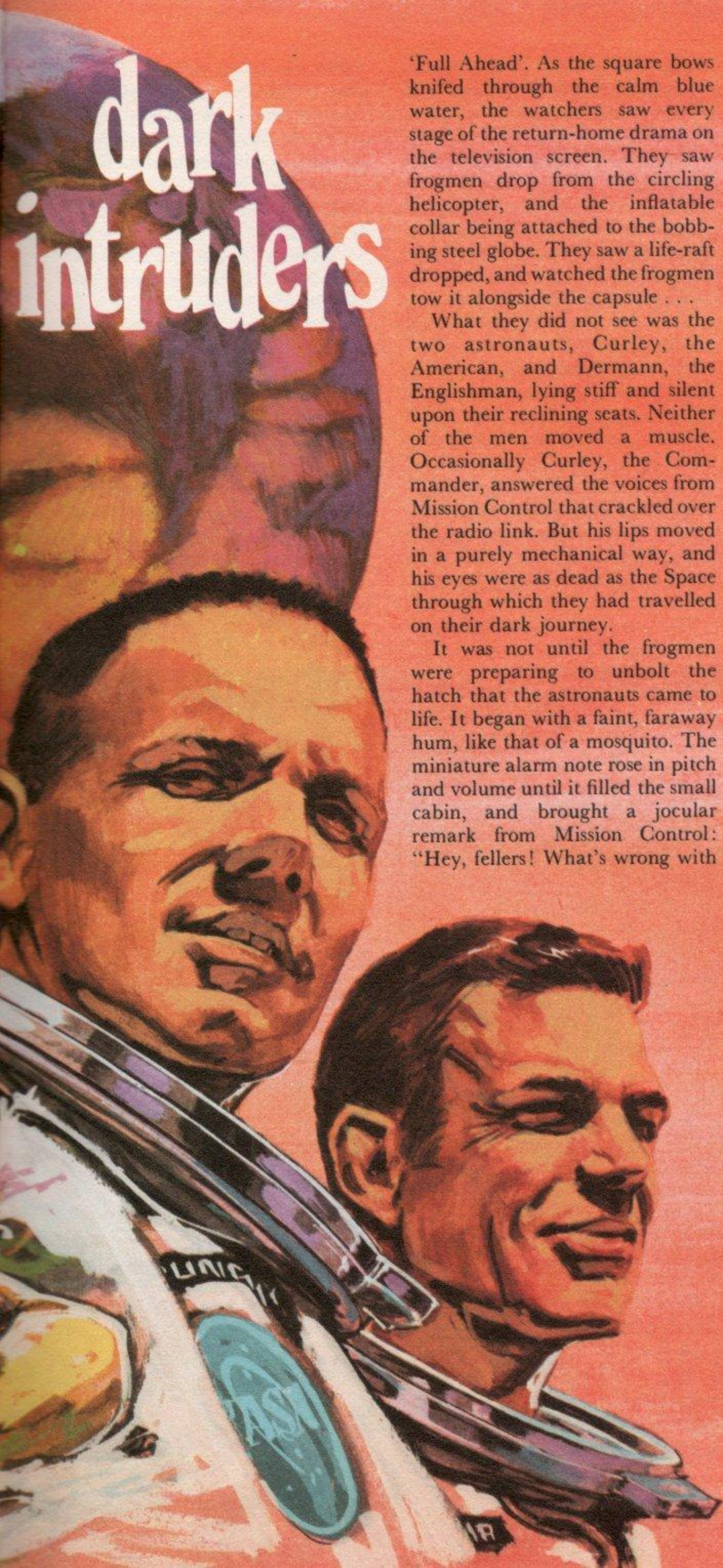
"Those poor men must be simply exhausted after their journey from Mars," said Jo.

"Oh, hardly exhausted, Miss Grant," said Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart. "Tired, of course. But, after all, they manage a fair amount of sleep in transit."

Already the huge warship was throbbing from the thrust of engines that had been programmed



dark intruders



'Full Ahead'. As the square bows knifed through the calm blue water, the watchers saw every stage of the return-home drama on the television screen. They saw frogmen drop from the circling helicopter, and the inflatable collar being attached to the bobbing steel globe. They saw a life-raft dropped, and watched the frogmen tow it alongside the capsule . . .

What they did not see was the two astronauts, Curley, the American, and Dermann, the Englishman, lying stiff and silent upon their reclining seats. Neither of the men moved a muscle. Occasionally Curley, the Commander, answered the voices from Mission Control that crackled over the radio link. But his lips moved in a purely mechanical way, and his eyes were as dead as the Space through which they had travelled on their dark journey.

It was not until the frogmen were preparing to unbolt the hatch that the astronauts came to life. It began with a faint, faraway hum, like that of a mosquito. The miniature alarm note rose in pitch and volume until it filled the small cabin, and brought a jocular remark from Mission Control: "Hey, fellers! What's wrong with

your radio, huh? You brought gremlins back with you?"

The piercing hum began to fade, and as it did, a change came over the two men. Colour filled their cheeks, and movement returned to their limbs. It was as if their hearts had resumed beating, and blood was once more coursing through their veins.

By the time the frogman swung back the hatch and put his head inside to say "Welcome home" the strange hum had ceased, and Curley and Dermann raised their hands in salute and grinned back.

The *Pohontas* was heading for Hawaii after picking up the space capsule. On deck, Jo was content to bask in the tropical sunlight. Through her dark glasses she watched with amusement as Dr Who and the Brigadier prowled restlessly up and down the deck. She knew they were impatient to talk to the returned astronauts. But tight security kept them isolated.

"How long does this interrogation continue?" asked the Doctor testily.

"Well, they have reports to make to the top men in each department of the project," replied the Brigadier. He glanced at his watch and nodded. "Ah yes, by now Dr Hilstrom will have finished talking to the men," he said. "He's the biology expert. I know him well. Shall we go and talk to him? He could tell us what kind of shape Curley and Dermann are in."

"I suppose so," agreed Dr Who, "though I dislike getting information second-hand."

They set off to find the biologist, and Jo went with them. They were told that he had gone below to his cabin, and were given a pass to show to the guard on duty in that corridor.

The Brigadier went first down the stairs, and led the way to the corridor. As he approached, he saw that the guard was leaning with his back against the wall, and his head slumped on his chest, as if taking a nap.

"Hurrmph-pp!" The officer cleared his throat loudly, hoping to arouse the sleeping guard and save embarrassment. But the man slept on.

"Excuse me, private!" Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart reached out a hand and tapped the man on the shoulder. Slowly the other heeled over, and slid to the ground.

"Good heavens! Must be ill!" gasped the Brigadier.

Dr Who bent over the crumpled figure. "Strange!" he murmured.

Jo, who had stepped past them, gave a low exclamation, and pointed to a partly-open cabin door. "Look! It's Dr Hilstrom's room!"

She followed the Brigadier inside, as he pushed open the door. The sight of the grey-haired biologist lying stretched out on his back on the floor brought the UNIT chief snapping into action.



"Stay with him, Doctor," he rapped, striding to the door. "Do what you can for him. I'm going to alert the authorities."

With Jo's help, Dr Who managed to lift the unconscious biologist to the settee. Then he leaned over him, checking his breathing and pulse, and lifting his eyelids.

"Is he drugged?" asked Jo.

The scientist straightened up and shook his head. "He is in the same state as the guard outside, Jo. A state of insensibility—but quite temporary and harmless—induced by—" He broke off, frowning in deep thought.

"Induced by what?" urged Jo.

Dr Who turned as he heard the sound of footsteps hurrying towards the cabin, and the brisk voices of men accustomed to giving orders.

He went to meet Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart in the corridor. "Dr Hilstrom will be all right," he assured him. "But there's something important I'd like you to arrange for me, Brigadier. I want to have a look round inside the capsule."

The Brigadier's eyes narrowed, in surprise, and might have questioned this request, had it not been for the look in the scientist's eyes. The Brigadier had come to recognise that look, and the curt requests that sounded like commands, as signs that he was on a hunt for the truth that brooked no delay.

"I'll see what I can do, Doctor . . . Come along," said the Brigadier.

They walked along the upper deck to the bay in which the capsule was being minutely examined. But even the soldier's brisk stride could not keep pace with the impatient Doctor. His long stride took him ahead of the others.

The Brigadier dropped back a pace so that Jo could catch up with him.

"Whew! He's on the warpath now, all right," she panted.

"What did he find out, then?" queried her escort.

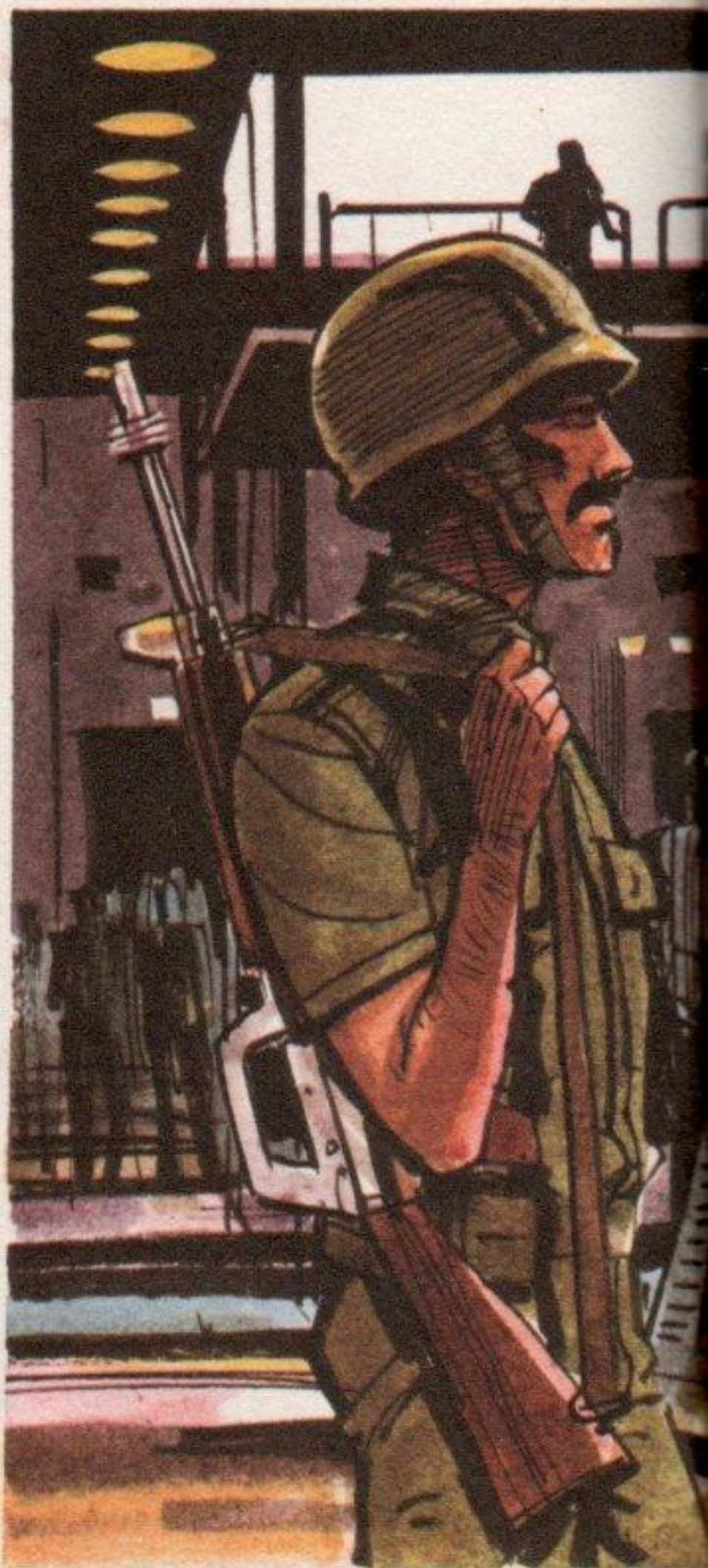
She answered with a helpless shrug. "Does he ever tell anyone—till he's sure?" she sighed. "He said something about a state of insensibility induced by something—he didn't say what!"

"No ideas, then?" frowned the Brigadier.

"None," Jo admitted. "Although I noticed him examining a couple of faint marks, one on each side of Dr Hilstrom's temples."

Dr Who had sighted the capsule now, and was heading for it like a hound scenting its prey.

He was stopped abruptly by armed security guards, and it was some time before the Brigadier, following closely on his heels, could convince the officials of the importance of their mission. Even so, the Doctor was only allowed inside the capsule accompanied



by white-coated scientists who had been examining the spacecraft. They had apparently heard something about Dr Who, for they watched him with a mixture of covert curiosity and amusement as he went down on his hands and knees.

Jo found it easy to guess what their stares meant . . . must be a bit crazy, this guy. What's he sweeping up particles of dust for? And what's he muttering about—a vibro bank . . . Oh well, he was always saying weird things, according to reports. What was it he was babbling about when they first found him unconscious outside that telephone box? His new face? Plumb crazy. Still, he must be mighty important for the UNIT chief to want him here so urgently.

The dandified figure came triumphantly from the capsule with

a swirl of his cloak. He held up an envelope for the Brigadier and Jo to see. "I believe the answer to our problem is in these dust particles," he announced. Once more, he set off at top speed. The others hurried to catch up.

"Now how can that plant-dust have anything to do with finding the guard and Dr Hilstrom unconscious?" demanded Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart.

"Quite a lot—if my suspicions are correct," said the Doctor. "But first we're going to my quarters. I want to check the reaction of this planet dust with my vibro bank. Jo, I shall need your help."

She nodded absently. She was caught by the romantic splendour of the tropical sunset . . . but it only lasted for a little while, and the blazing orb sank rapidly from her sight.

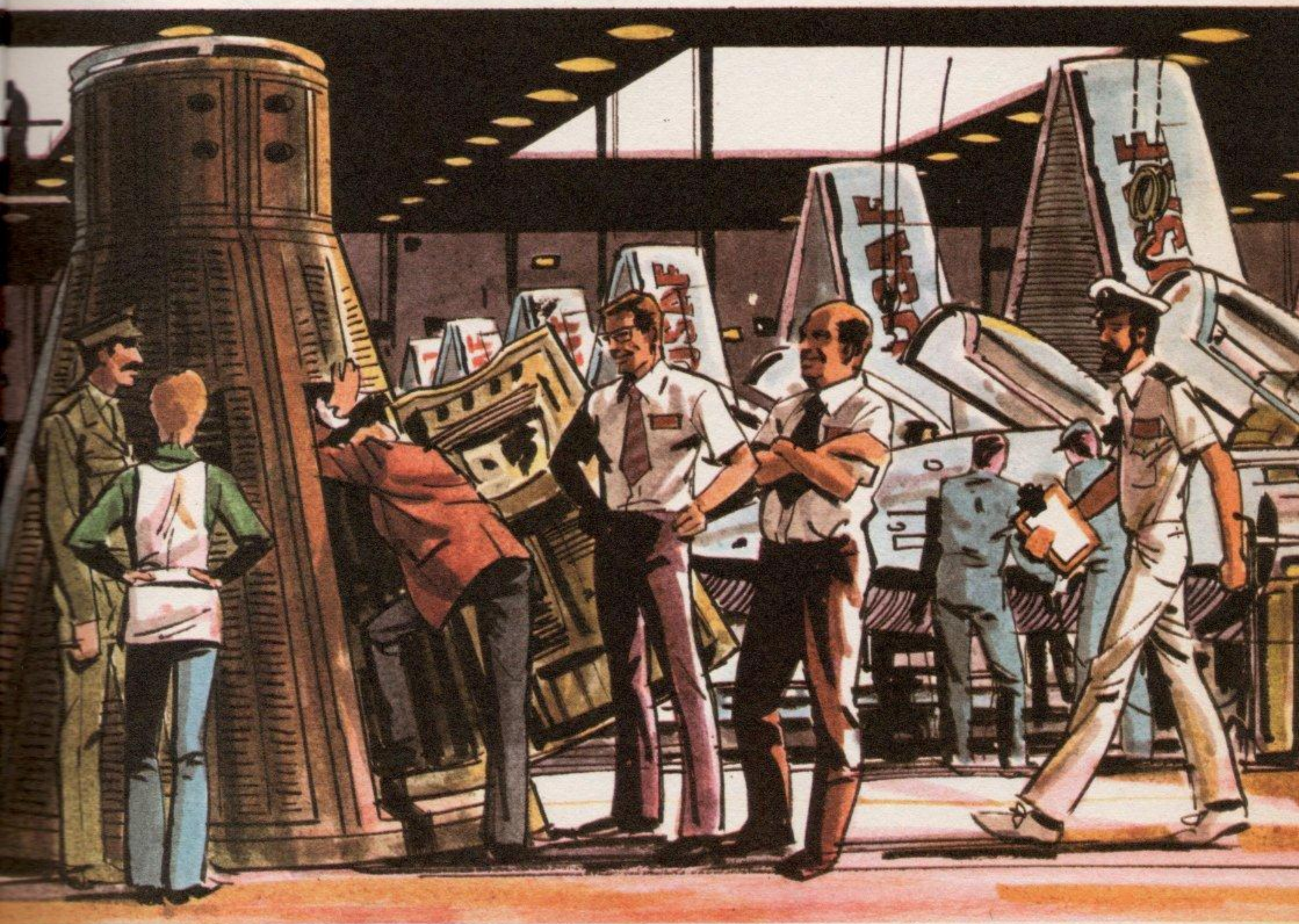
They descended a companion-way to the deck on which Dr Who had his cabin. It was already deep in shadow. As they approached the cabin door, a deeper shadow suddenly detached itself from the others.

The Brigadier uttered a quick cry: "Hey! Stop there!"

But the figure that had just emerged from the cabin now abandoned the shadows, and was seen to be fleeing headlong. The Doctor was after him in a flash, but the other was too quick. As he sped out of sight he dropped something which slid with a metallic clatter towards the pursuers.

Dr Who bent to pick it up. He stood examining it and muttering his fury as the others joined him. "My vibro bank!" he fumed. "He was trying to steal it!"

The Brigadier looked worried.





"This is getting serious!" he said. "What's it all about, Doctor? Is there an enemy agent on the carrier?"

The other grunted as he examined his unique instrument. Then, satisfied that it was undamaged, he replied: "I may have a theory to offer you in a moment. Let's go to my cabin."

A few minutes later, he had set up the vibro bank, and was making some delicate adjustments. Then, taking the envelope from his pocket, he shook the planet-dust

onto a glass tray under the laser-lens. He bent over the controls, and his fingers moved expertly . . .

"What on earth . . .? Is that noise coming from the dust?" Jo wanted to know.

It was a faint faraway hum, like that of a mosquito. The Doctor motioned his companions away. He bent closer over his vibro bank. The note rose in pitch and volume, until it filled the small cabin. Jo covered her ears. Suddenly, the noise died away as Dr Who switched off.

There was a grim look on his face as he turned towards the Brigadier. "I was right," he murmured.

"What is it, Doctor?" demanded the soldier.

"That dust comes from the planet Minos," he replied.

Jo Grant stared. "But—they only went to Mars, didn't they?" she said, puzzled.

"Of course they did!" snapped Lethbridge Stewart.

Dr Who nodded. "So the only explanation is that Curley and Dermann picked up the dust while they were exploring."

"You mean the dust was brought by someone from this planet—Minos?" quizzed Jo.

"Precisely. In fact, I suspect that a scout ship from there was already on Mars, waiting for the Earthmen to arrive . . . and if that's right, then we're in trouble," declared the Doctor.

The Brigadier frowned. "What d'you mean, Doctor?"

"The Minoans are old enemies of mine," came the answer. "They are creatures of ruthless ambition. They are cold and calculating—and highly developed in their achievements."

"Now look here. Get down to brass tacks, Doctor!" urged his companion. "Are you perhaps inferring that some of these creatures—these Minoans—travelled back to earth with the Spacemen?"

"Not *with* them—in them!" came the astonishing reply.

Jo was the first to recover. "You mean Curley and Dermann aren't—?" she floundered, leaving the rest of her question unspoken.

The scientist sighed. He regarded his companions with tolerance, like a schoolmaster surveying a couple of dull pupils. "I'm afraid it's very difficult to understand. You see, the Minoans are creatures of rather unstable molecular make-up. And they have perfected a method of—er—infiltrating other objects."

The Brigadier stared with dawning realisation in his eyes. "You think Curley and Dermann were infiltrated?"

NASA (the National Aeronautics and Space Administration) has already decided that the next manned spaceflight programme will be aimed at reaching Mars. Of all the planets, most is known about Mars: its atmosphere is thin, it has two polar ice caps (if they are ice), and temperatures like a cool day on earth. It has four seasons, and its day is only half an hour longer than ours.

Dr Who nodded. "Quite so, Brigadier. In short, I suspect that Curley and Dermann were the instruments of the attack on the guard and Dr Hilstrom, and the attempt to steal my vibro bank . . . I believe the Minoans must have heard my name mentioned on board the carrier, and realised that I might divulge their secret."

Lethbridge Stewart took off his army hat and smoothed his hair with a gesture of bewilderment. "This—this takes a bit of—believing," he admitted. "Why would they attack Dr Hilstrom?"

The other shrugged. "For his brain!" he said simply.

"His brain?" The other two echoed his words.



"The Minoans are great brain stealers!" declared Dr Who. "Two things made me suspect it. First, the state of insensibility that Dr Hilstrom was in. It's a hypnotic technique I've seen them use before. They use it so that they can attach tiny terminals here and here . . ." He pointed to each side of his temples.

Jo gave a start. "Dr Hilstrom had marks like that!" she exclaimed.

The Doctor nodded. "The terminals are attached to a tiny machine that scans the mind, and transmits brain patterns, recorded memories and knowledge . . ."

"Transmits?" The Brigadier seized on the word. "You mean the Minoans have picked Dr Hilstrom's brain without him knowing it, and have sent the information somewhere?"

"Probably to a Minoan ship in orbit round the Earth," admitted the scientist. "They probably also plan to use Curley and Dermann to plunder the brains of other top scientists."

By the end of this century, unmanned probes, if not manned ships, will reach Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. In our own solar system, in the next century, manned spaceships will be visiting all the eight other planets and their thirty-one moons.

Jo snapped her fingers. "Of course—it's an ideal set-up," she admitted. "The astronauts are surrounded by top scientists right now. And when they start their tour of the world capitals, they'll have immediate access to every top mind."

Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart slapped his uniform trousers impatiently. "The point is, how do we prove it's happening?"

It was Jo who answered. "Don't you remember me telling you about the marks on Dr Hilstrom's temples?"

"Yes. But that doesn't actually prove anything, does it?" demanded the Brigadier. "We would need to catch them red-handed."

The Doctor began to lock his vibro bank in a cupboard. "I think I know how we can do that, Brigadier . . . I believe you said that Dr De Bassio, the mineralogist, has been the last to interview Curley and Dermann."

"That's right," admitted the soldier.

"Good." The scientist looked pleased. "Then I propose that you arrange for me to exchange cabins with him tonight. I shall pretend to be De Bassio. And I shall hope to be the next victim of the Minoan brain-picking."

In the darkness of De Bassio's cabin later that night, Dr Who lay on the bed and occupied himself by thinking ahead to the time when he could once more travel through time and space, in the *Tardis* . . .

When the clock beside the bed stopped ticking, he knew the Minoans had entered. He closed his eyes, and breathed loudly to simulate sleep. At the same time, he steeled his mind against the hissing in his ear. His senses were dulled. He felt heavy with sleep. But still he fought the mesmeric Minoan technique . . .

There was a pause, after the hissing had ceased. Then he felt the faint pressure of the metal contacts against his temples . . .

The humming was faint and far away within his brain at first. As it increased in pitch and volume, he summoned all his highly-trained mental powers to resist.





The penetrating noise seemed to be tearing at his brain. But he not only resisted—he attacked . . .

It seemed that his head would burst with the strain. The note was a banshee howl now—a howl of frustration. Unable to bear it any longer, the scientist sat up and put his hands to his head . . .

In the darkened cabin he glimpsed two figures writhing on the floor. A cry burst from his lips—and at the sound the howl was gone.

Exhausted, but triumphant, Dr Who swung his legs to the floor. As he did so, the door burst open, and the Brigadier and Jo burst in, switching on the light.

They stared in astonishment at Curley and Dermann sprawled on the cabin floor. “So it *was* them!” the Brigadier burst out.

Dr Who went on his knees to examine the prostrate figures. “Not Curley or Dermann!” he said, nodding his satisfaction. “It was the Minoans . . . But, thanks

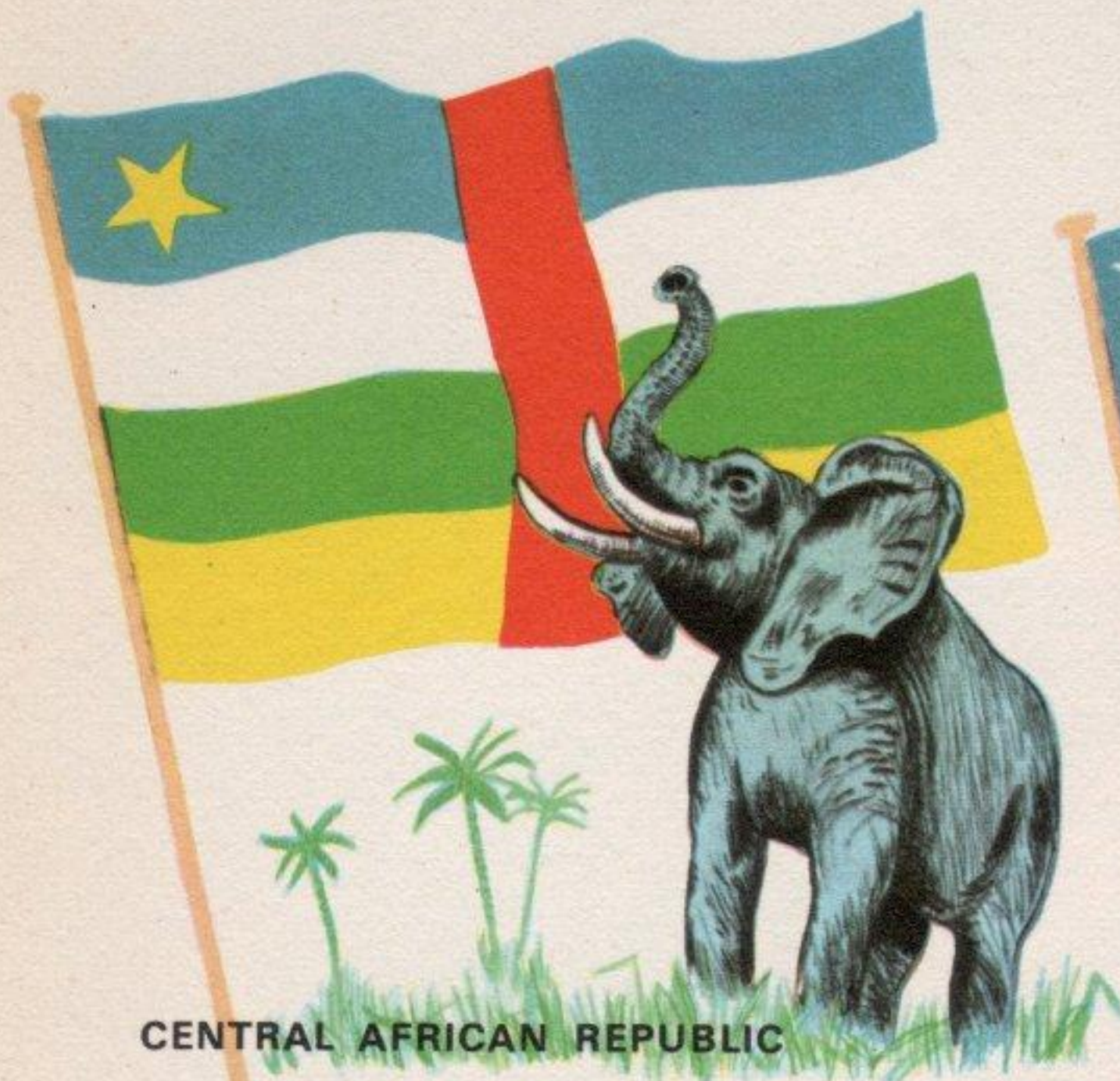
to the little battle of will-power I’ve just been through, the intruders seem to have retreated.”

Jo gasped with relief. “You mean—these two are themselves again, Doctor?”

He rose to his feet. “They’ll be all right,” he said. “They won’t recall anything of their nightmare . . .” He paused, rubbed his brow wearily, and added: “But I shall . . . and so will the Minoans. I’m afraid they’ll never forgive me for upsetting their plan.”

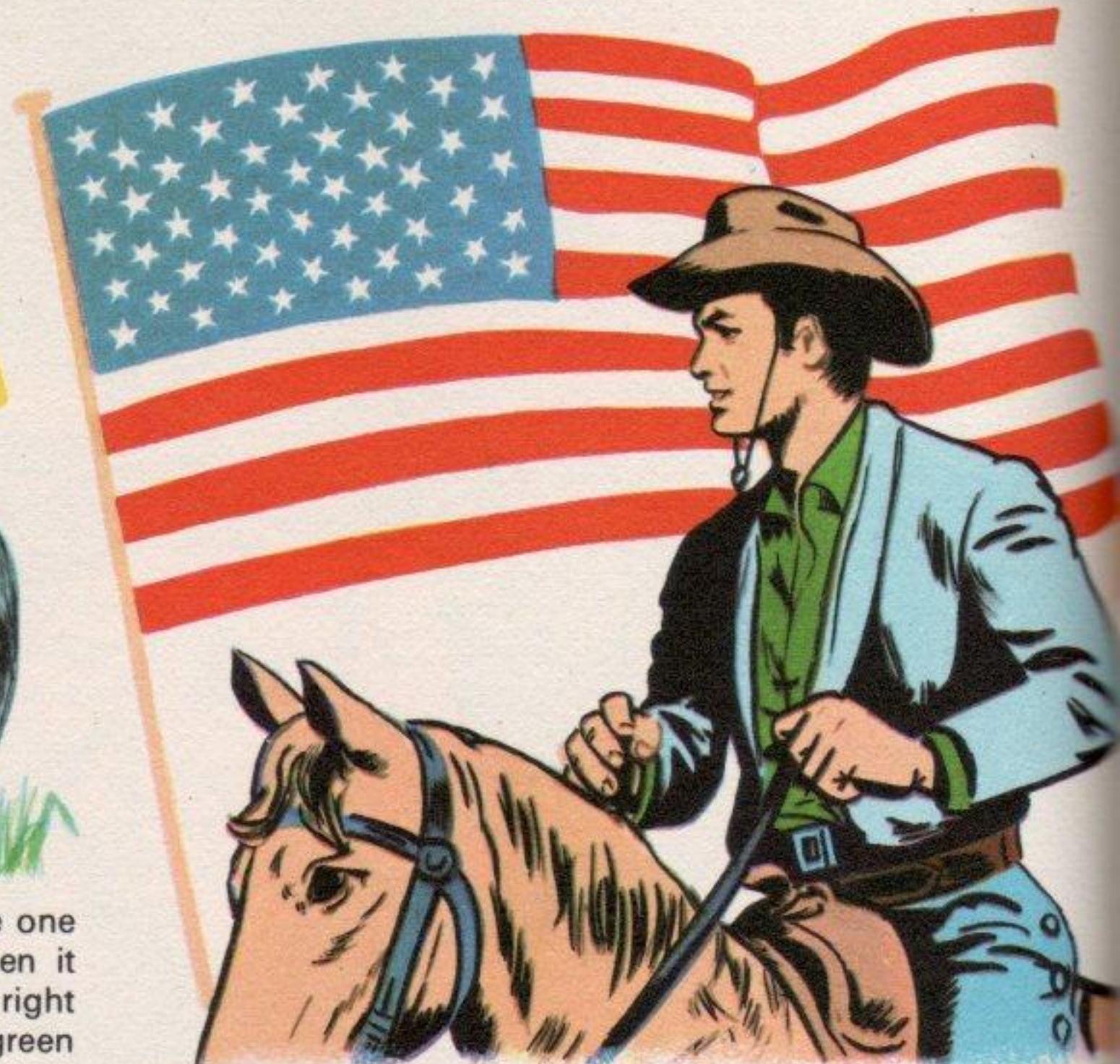
STAR STUDDED FLAGS

Stars have fascinated men through the centuries, and some countries have included stars in one of their most precious possessions—their national flags.



CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC

One of the most unusual flags of any nation is the one devised by the new Central African Republic when it gained its independence. A red vertical stripe runs right through the four horizontal stripes of blue, white, green and yellow. In the corner of the blue stripe is a bright golden star.



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

One of the most star-studded of all flags is the flag of the United States. The thirteen white and red stripes represent the original thirteen states of the Union, while the rows of stars on a blue field in the canton represent the final fifty United States of America. The last two to be added were Alaska and Hawaii.



ALBANIA

The flag of the republic of Albania has a two-headed eagle on a red field, with a five-pointed golden star above the eagle's head. The black eagle was the symbol chosen by the rebel leader, Skanderbeg, for the flag which was carried when the Albanians fought the Turks in the mid-fifteenth century.

ISRAEL

The Star of David on the Israeli flag has great significance to those of the Jewish faith, and objects and floors bearing this symbol have been found by several archaeologists in the Holy Land. The blue and white stripes which form the field of the flag represent the prayer shawls worn on ceremonial occasions.

AUSTRALIA

The national flag of Australia bears the Union Flag in the canton, but the flag was the winning design in a flag competition, submitted by five different people. It is based on the flag which the miners of the famous Eureka Stockade revolt erected over their fort to show their disapproval of the government's unfair treatment of the gold-diggers.

The five smaller stars represent the Southern Cross constellation, and with the larger star they also represent the six Australian states; all on a blue field.



MONGOLIA

The flag of Mongolia has three vertical stripes, a blue stripe in the middle of two red ones. In the red stripe nearest the flagpole there is a vertical series of objects, each representing something of importance to the Mongols.

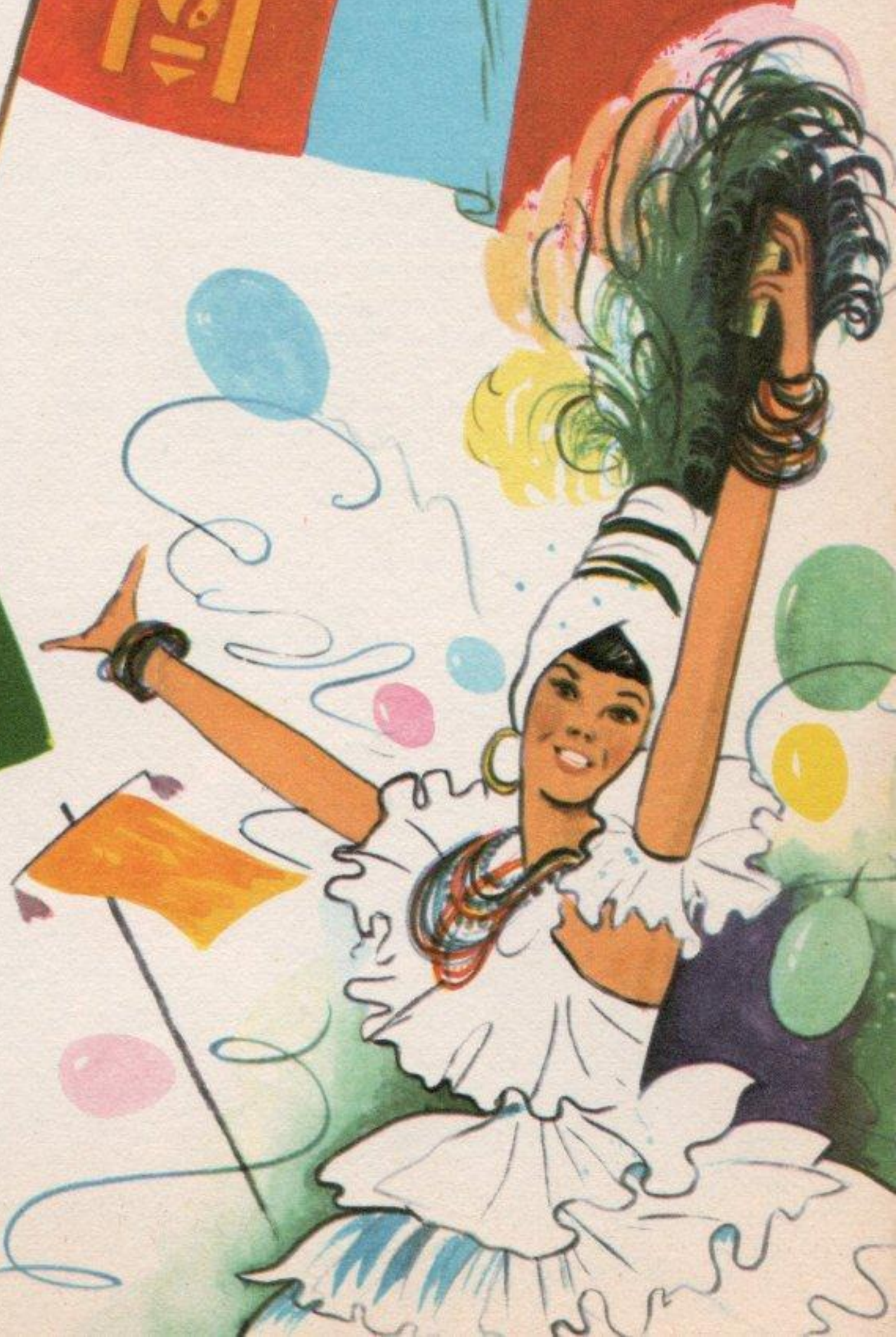
A star, placed on top of the fire, represents the continuity of life, the fire itself representing warmth. The sun and moon are important symbols in the country's legends, as are the two fish which swim between the two pillars. The stout pillars in the picture represent the true strength of a united people.

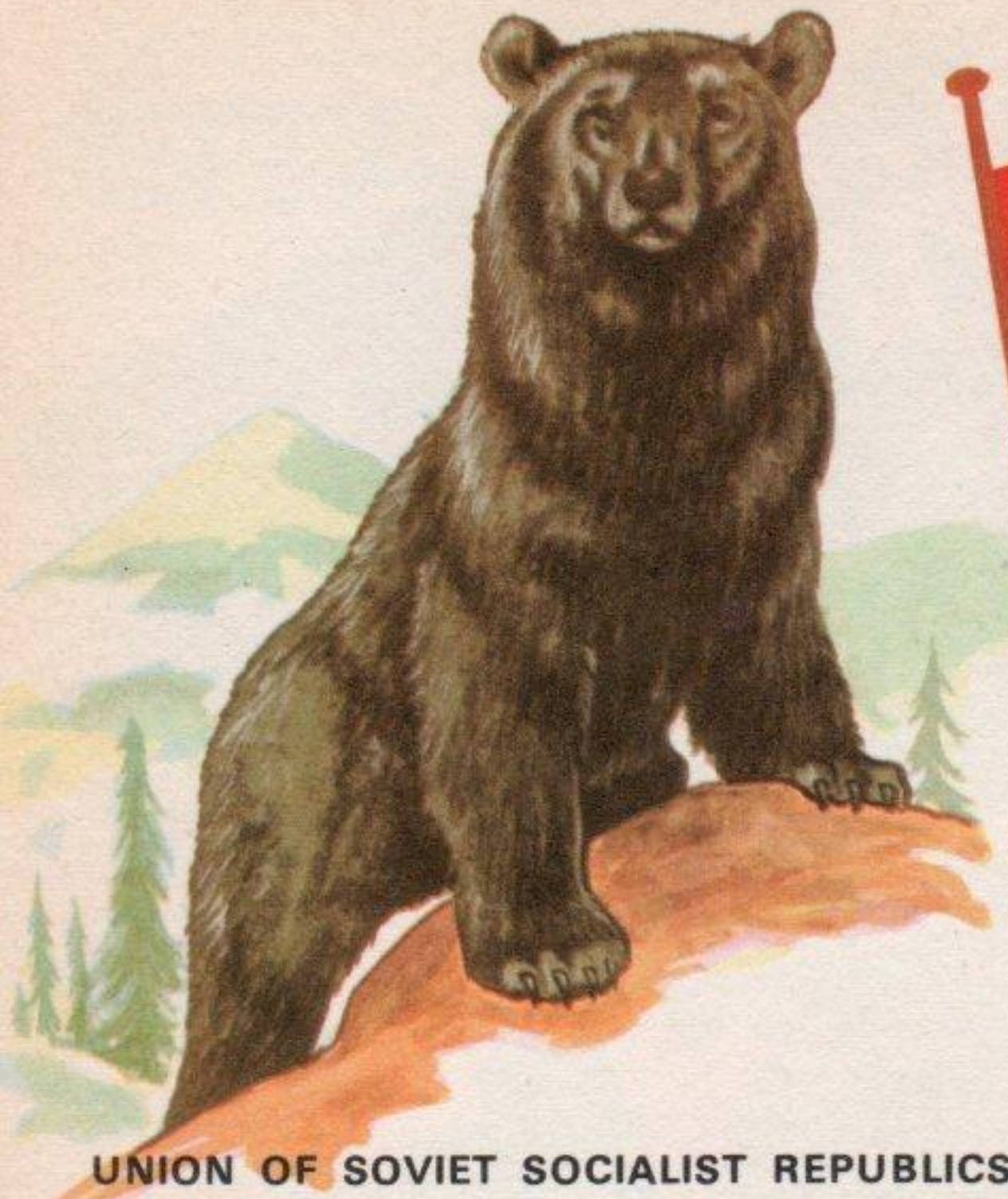


BRAZIL

The flag of Brazil has a blue star-sprinkled globe set in a yellow diamond shape, all on an emerald-green field. Across the globe is a white band on which are written the words "ORDER AND PROGRESS".

All of these colours are chosen to represent something of importance in the Brazilian way of life. The green and yellow symbolise the importance of farming and mining, the stars represent Brazil's territories, the blue globe recalls the first early explorers, and the white band shows the country's interest in present-day space travel.



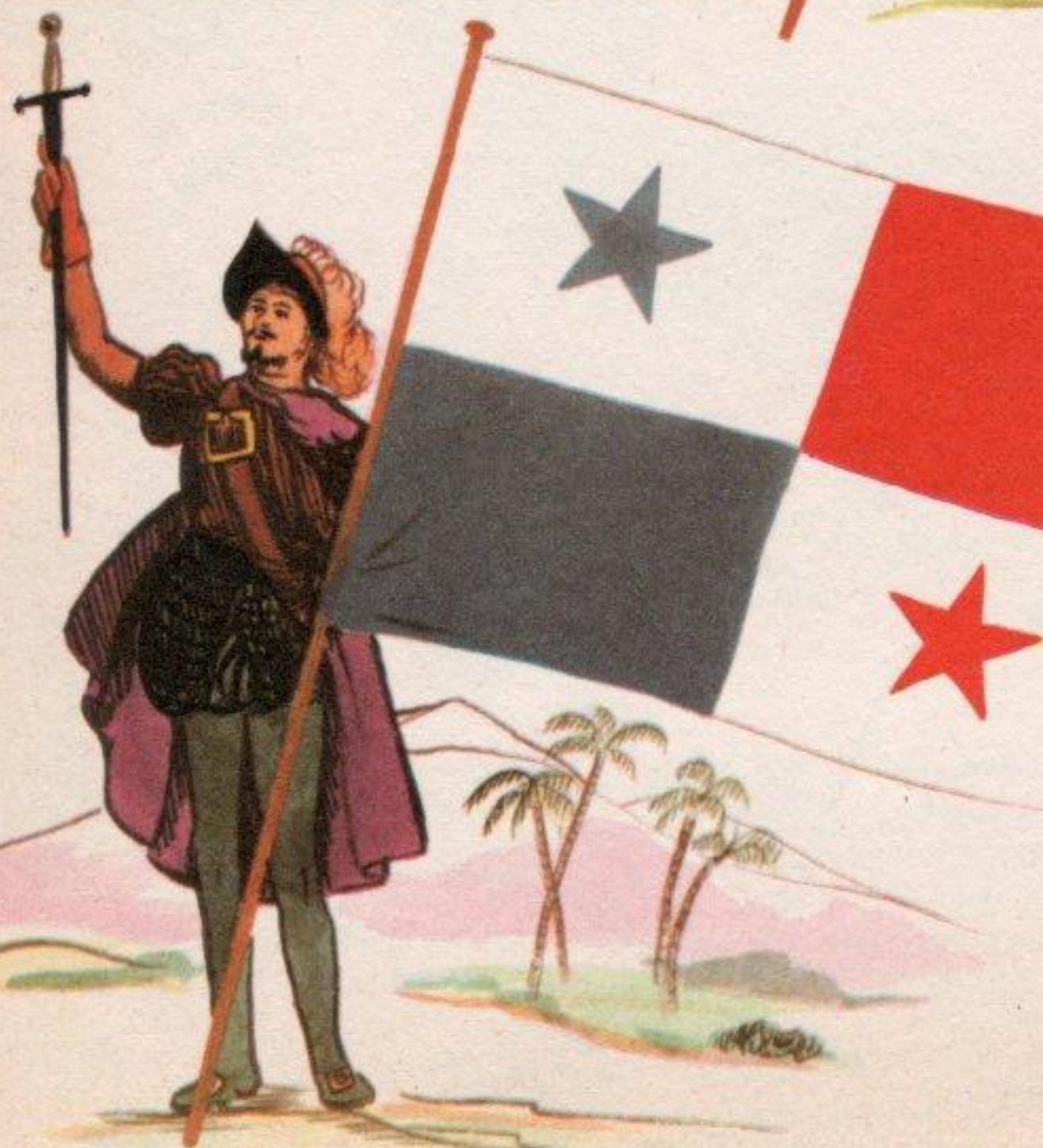
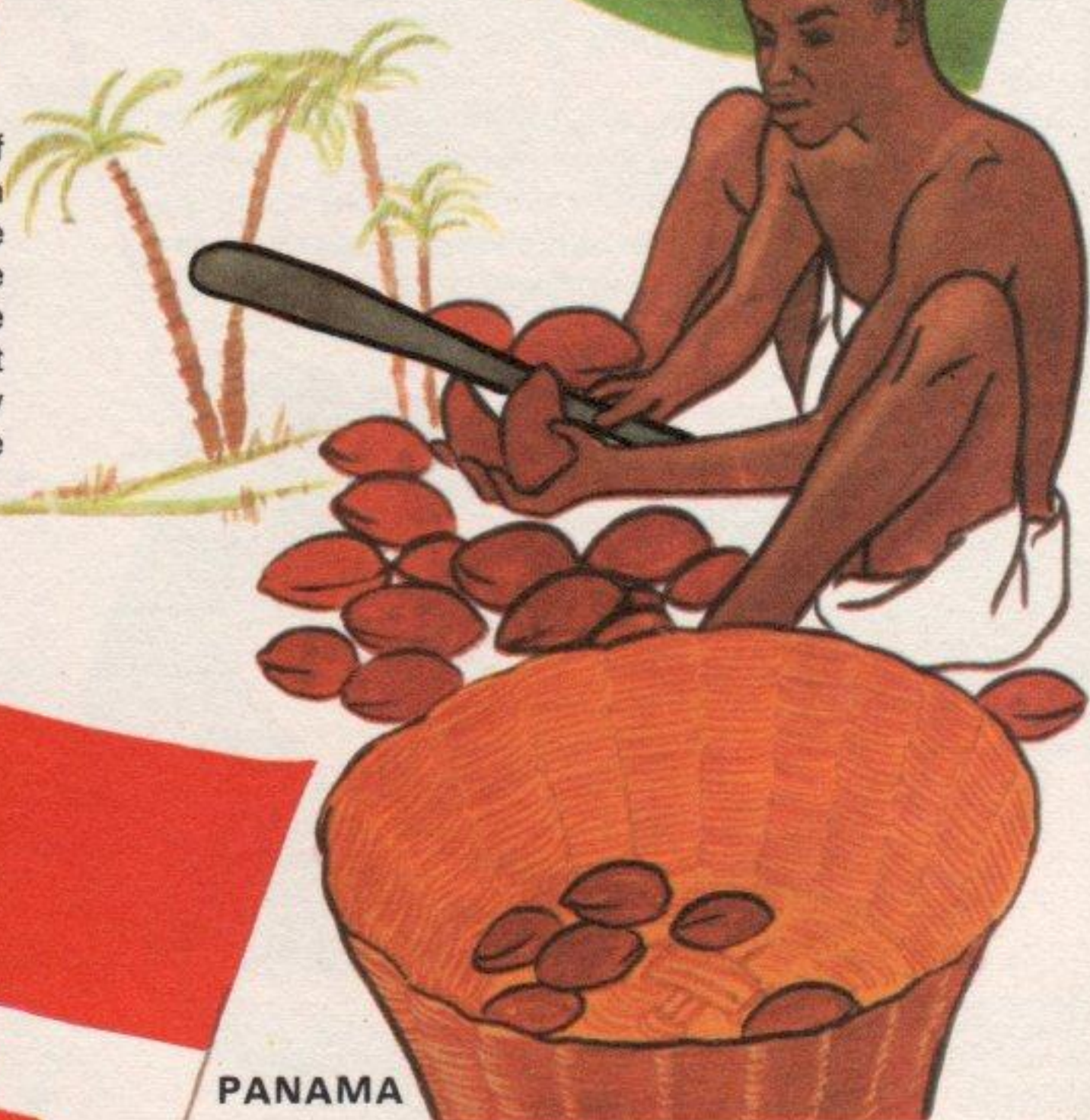


UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS

On a red field the national flag of Russia shows a star above a hammer and sickle in the canton. The hammer represents the industrial workers in the factories, and the sickle the farmers and other country workers, while the five-pointed star represents the friendly understanding and happy relationship between the workers of the five continents.

GHANA

When the Gold Coast became a republic it called itself Ghana, after the old kingdom of the King of Gold, which had once existed there. The middle stripe of its three horizontal stripes represents the gold, the red stripe honours those who fought for independence, and the green represents the farms and trees which are abundant there. The large black star in the middle of the yellow stripe has special significance as being the star of hope which resulted in freedom for the Africans.



PANAMA

The national flag of Panama—which was flown for the first time when Panama gained her independence from Columbia—is divided into four squares, two white, one red and one blue, with a blue and red star in the white quarters. The blue star is said to represent the integrity of the government and the red star represents law and order. The flag was designed by a young artist, the son of a government official, and his design was made into the actual flag by his mother.

ESCAPE to FREEDOM

Dr Who and his friends are experts at escaping from sticky situations. But they are not the only famous escapees. All through history there are accounts of thrilling escapes from danger, servitude and imprisonment, from the flight of the Israelites out of Egypt to the escape of the Great Train Robbers from prison.

FLIGHT TO FRANCE

Charles I of England was beheaded in 1641, and his son Charles was banished to France, but he returned to Scotland in 1651 and was proclaimed king.

He was determined to win back the English throne, but when his troops reached Worcester they were utterly defeated by Oliver Cromwell and his Roundheads. Charles had to get back to France and safety, for there was a price on his head and he was not safe in England.

Charles and his party, dirty and battle-stained, tried to cross the Severn to royalist Wales. But there were armed guards everywhere, so they had to ride on until they reached Whiteladies, the house of Charles Giffard, one of the king's supporters.

Charles rode straight into the great hall, and half an hour later a stranger emerged. Gone was Charles' long, curly hair and fine clothes—this was one Will Jones! The bailiff's brother, Dick Penderel, took young Charles, who was still only twenty-one, to sleep under a tree in a wood behind the house.

By nightfall he was wet and stiff, for it had rained all day, but there was no time to eat and rest—soldiers were all around, and Charles would be found if he didn't move on. So that night Charles and Penderel travelled nine miles across country to a friend's house. They were wet to the skin, they had no food, they had to make up a story every time they were challenged by villagers, but

Charles' main worry was that his shoes were many sizes too small, and he could barely walk!

After many hours they reached the house, but it was being watched; the King could not hide there. There was nothing to do except to hobble back to Whiteladies.

The next day he hid in a tall oak tree, and then moved on to Moseley, where he narrowly escaped detection when soldiers burst into the house to search for him. Charles was bundled into a small space behind the panelling, and had to stay there for over an hour, with the soldiers searching for him only inches away!

Charles had to get away. Jane Lane, a friend living nearby, was to enter Bristol with a 'servant'. Charles became Will Jackson, and led a small party by a roundabout route to Bristol. He played his part well, joking and talking of the price on the King's head, but he nearly gave himself away when asked to turn the roast in the kitchens. Charles had never seen a roasting-spit before!

News from Bristol was not good; all ships were inspected and the harbour was heavily guarded. They had to travel to the South coast.

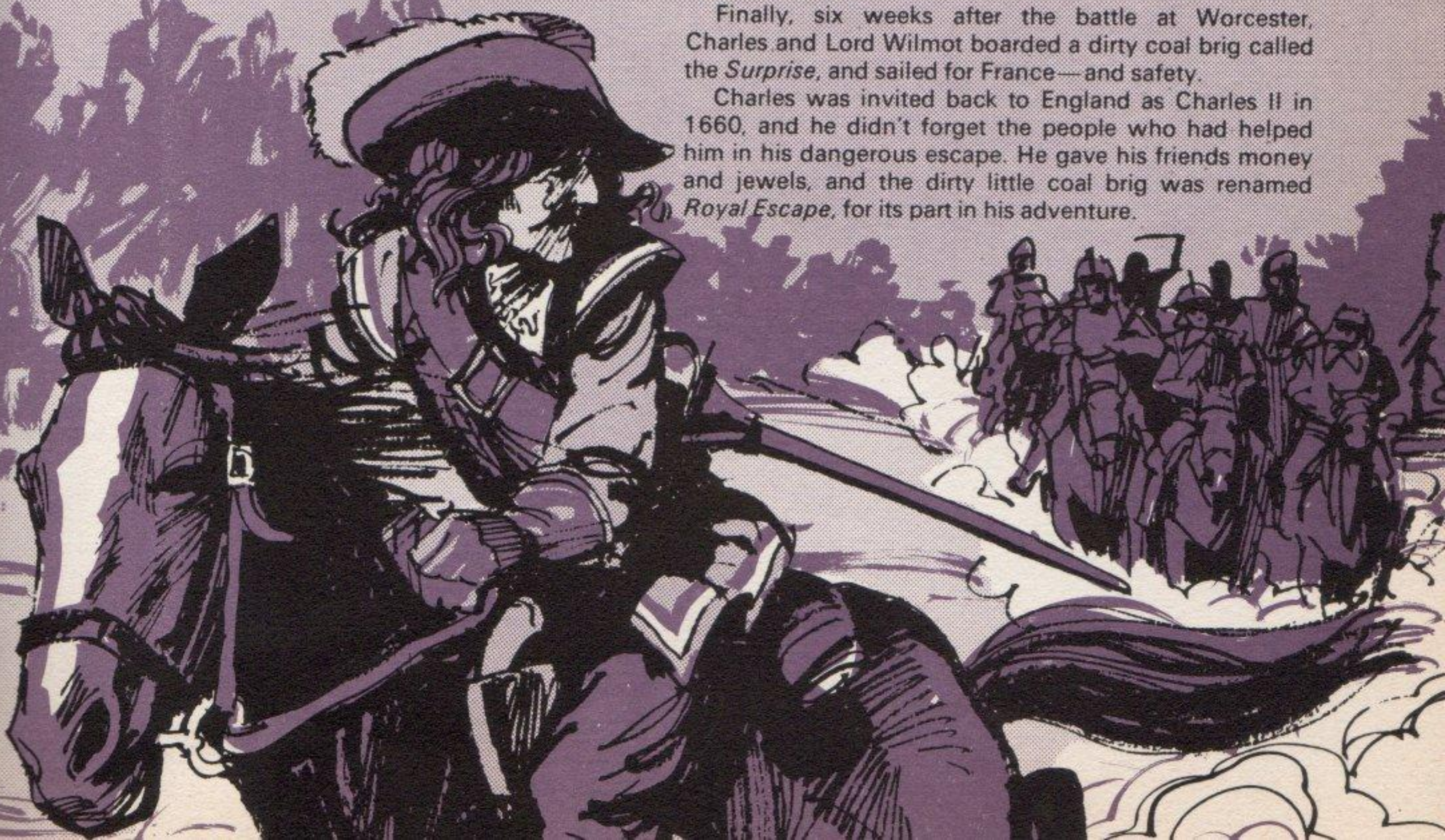
When the party reached Trent they found great rejoicing: "The King is dead! Charles is dead!" shouted the crowd. Charles was delighted, for he was safe if everyone thought him dead. But the story was soon proven to be false, and a reward of £1,000 was offered for Charles, dead or alive.

He was nearly captured many times. Once the party aroused the suspicions of a blacksmith, but he sent the troops off in the wrong direction, to Charles' amusement! Then word went around that Charles was dressed as a woman, and young ladies in the area had to prove their identity to soldiers eager to earn the reward!

Charles had to move inland yet again, and he stayed outside Salisbury while his loyal friends and supporters tried to find a boat which would take him to France.

Finally, six weeks after the battle at Worcester, Charles and Lord Wilmot boarded a dirty coal brig called the *Surprise*, and sailed for France—and safety.

Charles was invited back to England as Charles II in 1660, and he didn't forget the people who had helped him in his dangerous escape. He gave his friends money and jewels, and the dirty little coal brig was renamed *Royal Escape*, for its part in his adventure.



WAR CORRESPONDENT CHURCHILL

Winston Churchill, then a twenty-four year-old ex-officer, was acting as a war correspondent for the London *Morning Post* when he was captured, together with other British troops, by the Boers in South Africa.

Even though he was a civilian he was sent to a prisoner-of-war camp in Pretoria with other captured officers. After three days of travel by foot and rail the party reached an old school building where they were to stay. The building was surrounded on two sides by a high iron grill and on the other by a wall ten feet high, all heavily guarded night and day.

There seemed little chance of escape, but nevertheless Churchill planned with two others to at least make a bid for freedom. As the sentries patrolled the wall one section of it was outside their range of vision for a few moments; this was the time to escape.

It was on a night in December 1899 when Churchill made his move. He waited until the sentry was out of sight, then scaled the wall. At one point his waistcoat

became entangled on the ironwork on top of the wall, and he had to spend what must have seemed like hours untangling it!

But finally he dropped to the other side of the wall. He waited for the alarm, but none came; he had not been seen.

He waited for his two friends, only to hear whispers from the other side of the wall telling him that the sentries had been alerted and urging him to return while there was still time. But his new-found freedom was too precious, and he set out for Laurenço Marques, which was in Portuguese territory, where he would be safe.

But how was he to get there? He had no friends, and the whole town was guarded by soldiers alerted to recapture him. He decided to head for the railway line which he *hoped* ran to Laurenço Marques. After a couple of hours spent in a ditch a train approached, and Winston hurled himself aboard and spent that night resting among the soft sacks in the goods wagon.

He could not stay on board in daylight, so the next day was spent in a ditch. By the middle of the night there were no trains in sight, and he saw soldiers approaching, searching for him. The railway-line was no longer a safe place to hide.

Tired and weary, he walked as far as a small mining camp. Were the miners Boers or friends? He was almost too tired to care, and decided to take a chance. Luckily the mine chief was a man called John Howard, who risked his own life to help the fugitive.

He took Winston down the mine to hide, gave him food and blankets, and there Winston stayed in the pitch



darkness for three days, with only the hundreds of rats for company, and the soldiers searching for him above!

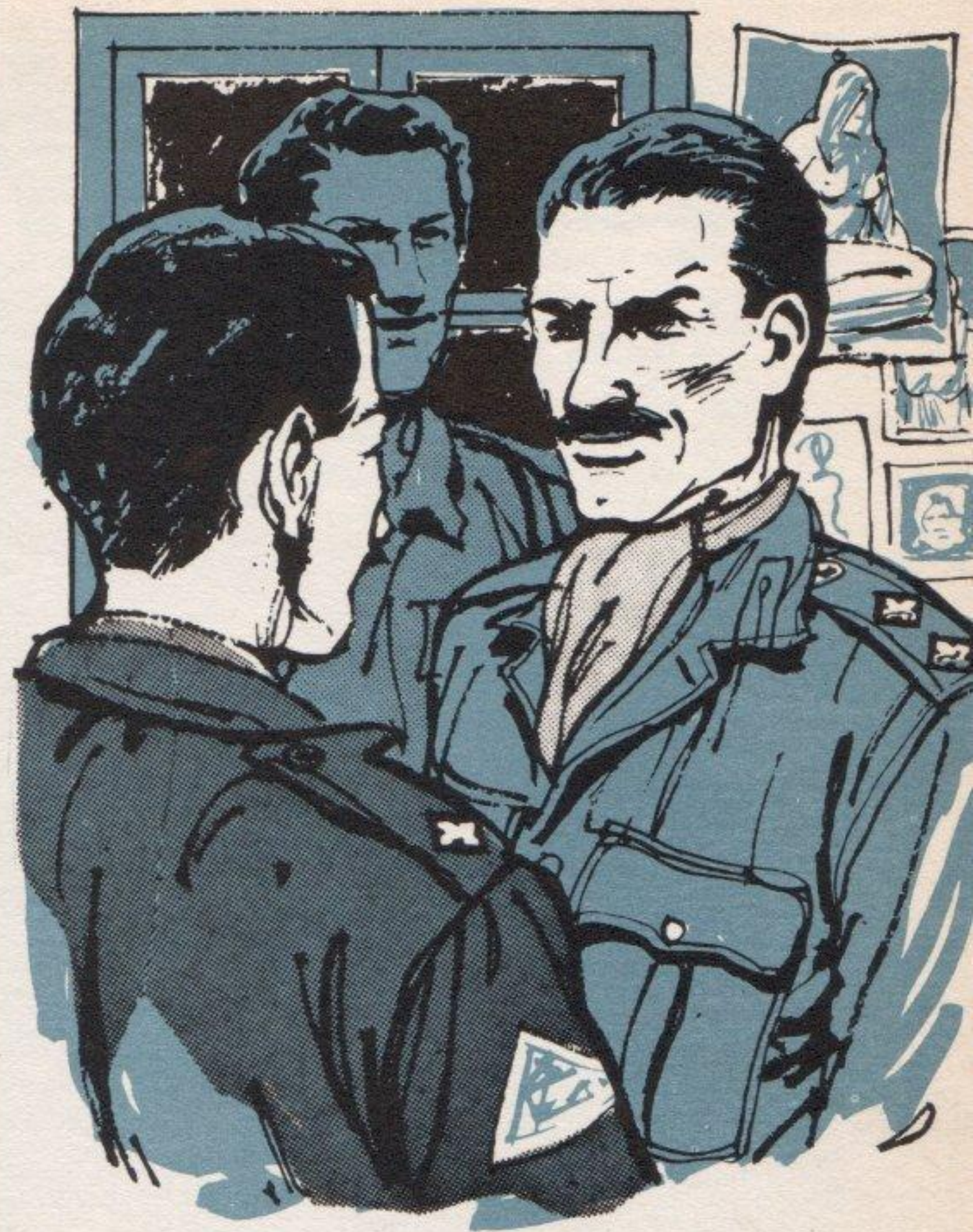
As the search parties moved further afield, Howard made arrangements for Winston's escape. A friend of his had a shipment of wool for Laurenço Marques, and Winston was hidden amongst the wool. His cramped, uncomfortable journey was made a little more pleasant by the fact that Howard had supplied him with roast chickens, meat, bread and bottles of cold tea for the journey!

The journey went well until the train reached Komati Poort, the last Boer town before the frontier. The train was thoroughly inspected, and young Winston lay flat on his face covered by sacks, hardly daring to breathe, as the soldiers peered and poked into the wool.

Finally the inspection was over, and the train crossed the border. Churchill recalls that his first reaction was to sing and shout at the top of his voice, and to fire his gun in the air!

Safe in Portuguese territory he headed in the direction of the Union Jack flag which fluttered over the roof of the British Consulate. The first thing he did was to ask for a back copy of all the newspapers, then he boarded a ship bound for Durban, where he was greeted as a great hero!

When he returned home a few months later he found that his famous escape helped him win support in politics, and he was soon on his way to the top in his parliamentary career, thanks to his courage and to the people who helped him escape from the Boers.



THE WOODEN HORSE

The story of the three Englishmen who escaped from a German prison camp during the last war is one of the best-known and most original escape stories.

Peter and John arrived in Stalag-Luft III after having escaped from one camp and being recaptured. They could easily have passed the time until the end of the war in the camp, but they were determined to return to the front to fight.

All previous attempts at tunnelling out of the camp had failed, for the ground was very sandy, and any tunnels were soon detected by the guards, who were well-armed. They might succeed if the tunnel started near the perimeter fence, but how could they dig in the middle of the compound?

They were trying to think of a plan one night when someone mentioned the wooden horse of Troy; the story tells how soldiers hid inside the horse and captured the city. The first reaction was laughter—the German guards had probably heard of that idea! But John explained that if they were to build a vaulting horse, a man could dig in the compound while others vaulted overhead!

The idea was fantastic, but he managed to convince the Escape Committee that this idea *could* work. The vaulting box was built from strong timber, and was one day carried out into the compound, where eager volunteers vaulted all day.

The German guards were amused by what they thought was a strange English pastime, but I doubt whether they'd have smiled if they'd known what was going on *under* the box!



Every day the box was carried out into the compound, with John or Peter inside it, their equipment in their arms. When in position, they scraped off the top layer of grey sand and put it in a cardboard box, then they began to tunnel into the bright yellow sand, stowing the sand in bags made from trouser-legs! The guards must have wondered why everyone suddenly decided to wear shorts instead of trousers!

When part of the tunnel had been dug out, the digger signalled with a whisper to the vaulters, who had been thudding overhead throughout the day, and the digger, plus the equipment and the bags of sand, was carried back to the hut.

The sand was disposed of by burying some of it under the huts and digging some into the tomato patches.

As the tunnel grew, work became more and more difficult, for it had to be narrow, and when it was part of the one-hundred-and-twenty feet to the fence, it became so difficult to move that the sand had to be brought out ounce by ounce.

Meanwhile, the gallant volunteer vaulters were working hard, for they were out in the compound every day, never stopping as they took it in turns to jump over the horse. They were so exhausted that they were allotted extra rations to keep their strength up.

One afternoon part of the tunnel collapsed with John inside it, and one of the vaulters had to lie over the hole, complaining of his 'bad leg'. There was a great danger that John was suffocating, but after a few moments they heard him reassure them that he had nearly repaired the damage. He finally got out with only minutes to spare before roll-call. If he had missed that, the tunnel would have been found.

By the time they had done forty feet of the tunnel they realised that they needed something to drag the sand back as it was excavated; it was taking hours for the digger to crawl backwards and forwards. It was decided that two men would have to go down, one to dig, and the other to haul back the sand on a kind of toboggan. In this way the tunnel grew inch by inch.

At last it was finished, and the three chosen to escape, John, Peter and Philip were carried out to the tunnel. With muffled goodbyes they started out along the tunnel, dragging their 'civilian' clothing with them, which had been made up in the camp.

Exactly at six o'clock, as they had arranged, a 'diversion', started by their friends in the camp, filled the air with singing, shouting, trumpet blowing and screaming! Now was the time to run for cover!

And run they did! There were dangers and trails ahead of them, but finally they all reached England safely, thanks to the men of ancient Troy—and the volunteer vaulters!



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

Watching Dr Who on television is one thing, but how would you like to live in such an advanced era? Well, look no further than two or three steps into the future and you'll be on the threshold of a life just like that. How would you like to live on an asteroid, cook your meals in a rocket hurtling through space, or . . .

GET YOUR POST BY ROCKET!

Don't laugh—it's already happening! Some parts of Europe already have a rocket postal service, although these rockets don't actually leave the earth's atmosphere.

In the not too distant future an American business

man is going to be able to write to an associate in Europe and get an answer the same day.

The founder of the Italian Rocket Association, Dr Glaco Partel, envisages a network between major European cities and perhaps, America, with high-speed connections for delivery and collection. Ram-jet vehicles will be used to replace post vans, with a speed of something like twenty minutes from one city in Europe to another. A letter from New York to Paris would take only one hour and five minutes to arrive, and that's at the outside!

Who knows, one day you might be waiting for the postman to bring you a letter from the moon!



CITY IN THE SKY

No, not on the moon, that's old news now anyway; let's aim a little further, say 180 million miles, or thereabouts. Out there in that endless space you'd find several colonies of asteroids orbiting the sun. That's our next building site, although the largest is only 480 miles in diameter.

Scientists have proposed to take advantage of the solid masses in space and they wish to utilize them as far as possible. One idea was to remove the core from

one of the asteroids mentioned and construct inside it a complete unit for living. Houses, power and water supplies, artificial sunlight, soil and even rainfall—if anyone should want that! Once built, this complete community centre could also serve as a station in space for travellers and as a test model for other similar colonies in space, or even on other planets. How do you fancy living on Venus?



MEAL IN A MOMENT

But I'm sure, even with all the excitement of travelling not only from country to country in super-short speed times but from planet to planet too, you won't forget about eating, and we don't want to come up against any problems there. Scientists are working day and night now to see that there aren't any problems, so I shouldn't worry unduly. The only thing is that you might be spoilt for choice.

You could have food bars for a short journey, food in a tube for slightly longer trips and really adventurous cooked meals for marathons! How about this menu for a rocket journey into space:

BREAKFAST: Fruit juice, porridge with a sprinkling

of sugar, ham, bread and butter, and coffee to finish.

LUNCH:

Vegetable soup, spaghetti with meat sauce, bread and butter, stewed fruit, chocolate drink.

DINNER:

Orange juice, turkey (in freeze-dried cubes), mashed potatoes, buttered peas, bread and butter, rice pudding, chocolate peppermints and coffee.

And after all that lot I'm off to book a seat; how about you?

WAR IN THE ABYSS



‘Look, Doctor,’ said Jo Grant, the Doctor’s young laboratory assistant, ‘I’m afraid at the moment I couldn’t care less if the tides *are* rising all over the world and if the astronomers *are* beginning to think the sun is swelling gradually. All I’m worried about is that my Uncle is on that oil-rig in the Antarctic and the men there haven’t been heard from for three days now.’

Doctor Who stared owlishly at her. ‘But, my dear child, Antarctica is dotted from end to end with bases. Practically every civilised country in the world maintains a scientific base there. How could it be possible that this oil-rig, or whatever you call it, can have been lost sight or sound of?’

Jo smiled patiently. Sometimes this mysterious Doctor who was her boss could be very exasperating. Often he was almost like a child.

‘The rig of which my Uncle is Manager,’ she told him, ‘is actually built on the *earth* of Antarctica hundreds of feet below the surface of the ice. The frozen earth on which the rig was built is itself a peak of a buried mountain. If they haven’t reported in—’

‘Hush, child,’ snapped Doctor Who sharply. ‘I’m thinking. Now there has got to be a connection, Your Uncle’s rig, Jo, was it for oil or natural gas?’

‘For oil, of course. The pipeline ran to the Weddell Sea—’

‘And—’ said the Doctor portentously, ‘the seismologists have reported quakes from the *Arctic* Ocean. I’ve just told you that the tides all round the globe are reported as rising, and several world-famous astronomers swear that their instruments show the apparent swelling in the size of the Sun. Put all those facts together and what have you got?’

She stared for a moment. "Sun going nova?" she suggested interestedly.

"The modern youth!" he marvelled. "Something which might scorch all life from Earth is merely a matter of interest. Think, child, I said the *apparent* size of the Sun! Now, think again."

"It sounds silly to say it," she giggled, "but the only other thing I can think of would be that the Earth is moving closer in towards the Sun!"

"Admirable reasoning," he complimented her. "My training in logical thought is bearing fruit at last. It was Sherlock Holmes, I think, who once said that when you have proved everything impossible but one thing, that thing, no matter how *improbable*, must be what you are looking for. Pack a couple

of bags, Jo, and buzz the New Zealand Base on Antarctica—you'll find its location and co-ordinates on the big World Atlas."

"Where are we going?" she asked him blankly.

"Where else but to drop in on that Uncle of yours. I presume there is some way down through the ice to this most peculiar oil-rig of his," the Doctor grinned. "We must tell him to keep up his reports, at least. But I have a feeling that we may find something very different."

But it wasn't as easy as the Doctor had airily indicated. By now, every Base on the entire continent of Antarctica was off the air. Not one had reported in or had been able to be reached, for the past twenty-four hours. Air

reconnaissance was being prepared at once, of course, and the Doctor and Jo were on the first jet to land on the air strip. The peculiar standing in which the Doctor and his laboratory were held throughout the most of the scientific world made it easy enough, but when the Doctor did try to put his peculiar ideas to the chief of the expedition, he got short shrift.

"Earth moving inwards in its orbit round the Sun!" Major General Carter scoffed. "I'm no astronomer, man, but even I know that such a thing, even if possible, would take years or at least months."

"Very good, sir," said the Doctor stiffly. "I expected some such reaction. If there was time, I might have been able to bring



you evidence from the world's great scientific brains as to the possibilities of my idea. As it is, my assistant and myself will have to do whatever we can on our own."

A shock awaited the military man when the jet landed. They were not able to raise base on their radio! It was as though an invisible cap of 'something' was over the Pole through which radio would not penetrate.

"Quick, Jo," muttered the Doctor when they landed. "See those snowcats lined up there. Head for the first one in line, after me."

Everyone in the party was dressed exactly alike, in white fur parkas and snow-boots, and Jo and the Doctor were not noticed at first as he drove the vehicle out of the line. It dawned on the General that something was amiss, and there were shouts, but it was too late.

"I had no idea you could handle one of these things, Doctor," Jo said with admiration.

His eyes twinkled at her as he replied. "In my time, child, and it's been a long time, there are precious few of the vehicles devised by mankind that I haven't been familiar with. Look, there's the pipelines coming out of the snow. All clear so far."

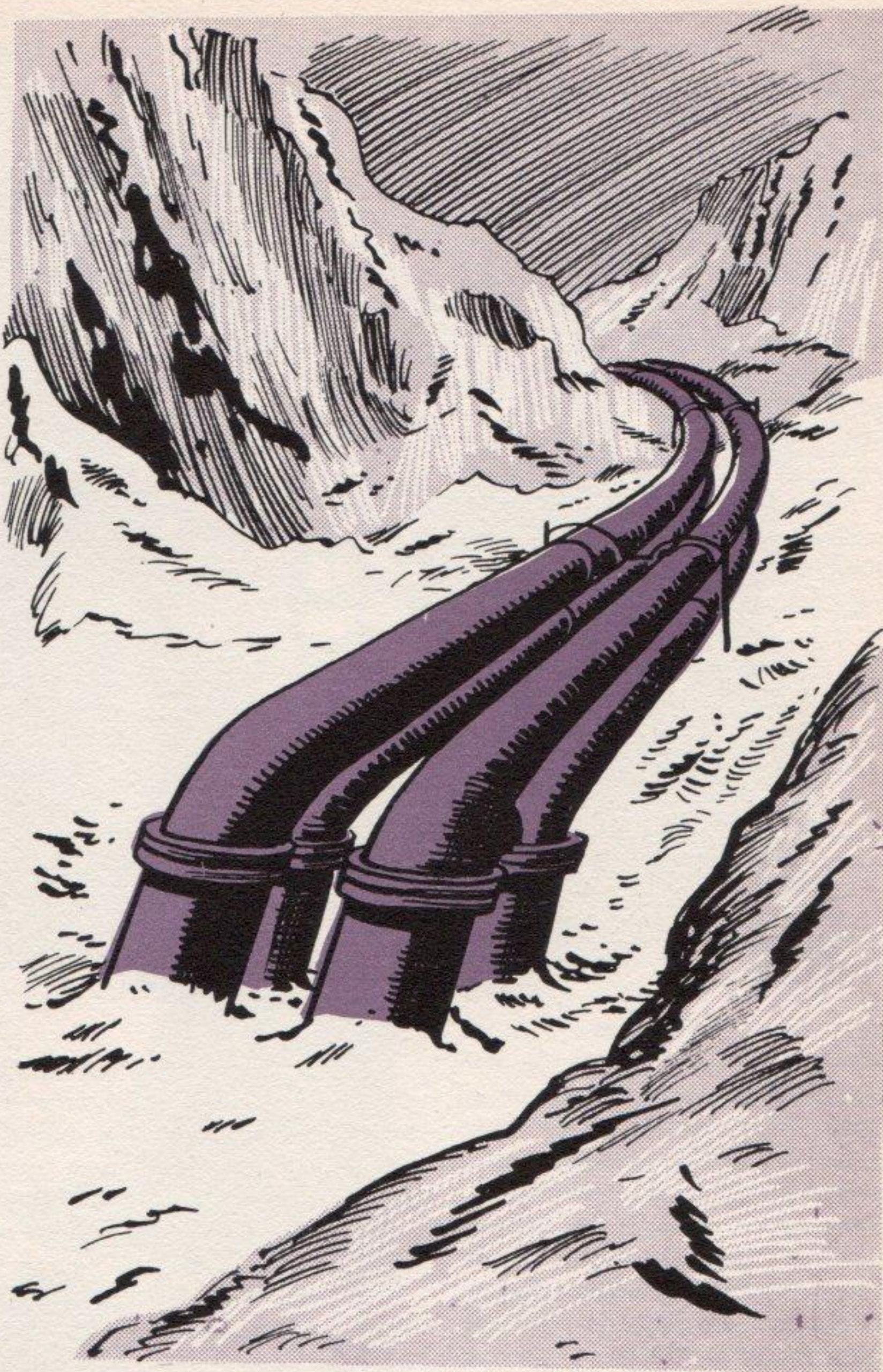
They were now quite out of sight of the plane party, and they got out of the strange vehicle which had made Antarctic exploration possible. The pipes were in racks of four each, and the pair cautiously approached the spot where they entered the snow.

Doctor Who looked thoughtfully down at them. "A kind of ravine, would you say, Jo?" he asked, and she nodded.

"I've seen snaps Uncle has sent home. These pipes go along a flat clear ravine with an ice-floor. But I can't say of course, how far into the snow they'll go."

"The crew, of course," said the Doctor, puzzled, "would be continually clearing the area of the pipes, if they were free and capable—"

"What else could they be,



Doctor?" she asked, *astonished*. "Unless, of course, you think that maybe—" her lips quivered "maybe they are..." She could not finish the sentence, and he cursed his clumsiness.

"Back into the cat, Jo," he laughed. "We'll find them. Maybe a snow or land-fall has trapped them in their quarters and we'll have to go in and pull them out."

Jo pointed to a row of gauges set in the bends of a set of the thick pipes. The gauges were all still, all the needles resting against the Nil mark. No oil was flowing out of the rig.

He frowned darkly. Recklessly now, he drove the snowcat past where the pipes vanished. The snow seemed hard and firm enough, but the vehicle rocked and tottered just a little bit more than he reckoned it should have been doing.

One moment they were rolling along, then a rocking lurch and the machine turned over on its head and catapulted downwards through lighter snow. Both the Doctor and Jo Grant were knocked unconscious and were quite unaware as the snowcat plunged downwards through the



soft snow, to land at last on its tracks on firm ice.

The Doctor came to first and stared through the windows, now covered with snow. Then he roused Jo and they crawled out of the machine. From where they stood they could hear the clanking of machinery and the flashing of lights.

Then they heard a voice, speaking in English. "Thank the lord someone's come," said the voice. "We're all in here, locked up. You'll find a spare key hanging on the metal foot of the winch you'll see just outside the door."

"Uncle! Uncle!" cried Jo. "Doctor, that's my Uncle's voice. They're safe! They must be locked in somewhere. Get that key if you can find it."

Like moving through a wall of still snow, they found the winch and got the key. The door opened to the key and they lurched, half-pulled into a small metal room lit only by flash-lamps. Inside were the crew of the oil-rig.

"When we found the radio didn't work," said Grant, after he had kissed his niece and calmed her fears, "we thought we were goners. Those . . . those . . . things wouldn't even take any notice of us. Seems they don't even hear us."

"What things?" asked Doctor Who sharply. "Things! What d'you mean?"

"Wish we knew," replied Grant. "I suppose they are machines, really, though not like our ideas of machines or robots. They talk to each other and we hear them, very faintly, but they don't ever seem to hear us."

"Begin at the beginning, please," said the Doctor patiently, but Grant only shrugged hope-

lessly and grinned round at his men.

"You'll just say we're all as mad as coots," he laughed. "Away alone here in the snowy wastes, we've lost our marbles and flipped our lids?"

"Let me be the judge of that," snapped the Doctor. "Maybe if I lead you on I may be able to encourage you to tell me just what is happening. My own theories were that some power or powers were engaged in the totally impossible task of shifting the axis of Earth closer to the Sun. In aeons that could happen naturally. This power is doing it quickly. Now, you can laugh."

"I wish I could," said Grant.

The *maria*, or 'seas', on the moon were named such by early astronomers who thought they were bodies of water. It is now known that they are dry plains, with many craters and smooth areas. As far as we know, there is no water or air on the moon, and no life.

"This last few hours we've all racked our brains . . . By George, you'll be right. It all fits in. Some of us have caught what sounded or at least 'felt' like telepathy. These things are robots, Doctor, they have no real voice. We've been hearing snatches of what should have been speech."

"Robots!" repeated Doctor Who. "Impossible! A robot civilisation, inside Earth? By heaven, if that could be true! Good thing we found out in time. I suppose this will be one of the exits they will use when they emerge to invade the world and try and conquer us. Now, you fellows must give me all the information you can so that we can stop this. There will be other exits, of course. We've had the evidence. The Earth is actually moving closer in orbit to the Sun, and the Sun appears to be increasing in size. But I don't quite get it. If the Earth gets too close to the Sun, all the atmosphere would be scorched from the surface, all the

vegetation, all the living beings . . . no, it can't be true."

"Only too true," Grant told him. "These . . . these . . . things—they call themselves Klatris or something close to it—don't care a hoot about the *surface* of the globe. They don't use air, and water is poison to them. No, they are not going to *invade* us, but wipe us off the face of Earth because our way of living is opposed to theirs."

"A natural cause of civil war between two species," said the Doctor dryly. "Correct me if I'm wrong, Mr Grant. They object to the way in which we are stealing petroleum, their 'life-blood'? They find us mining deeper and ever deeper for our metals? They sense our underground tests of nuclear devices . . . How many of them are there, Grant, and how far do their domains stretch?"

Grant shrugged and looked round at the others.

They all shook their heads. "No idea, Doctor. Might be thousands, might be millions. Would guess

not millions, though. On the surface we evolved into animals from one-celled things in millions of years, under sunlight. Down here, in the dark, with only internal heat, their evolution, from the regrouping of metallic molecules to the obvious intelligence of these Klatris, must have taken far, far longer. I'd say there's relatively few of them compared to the numbers of humans."

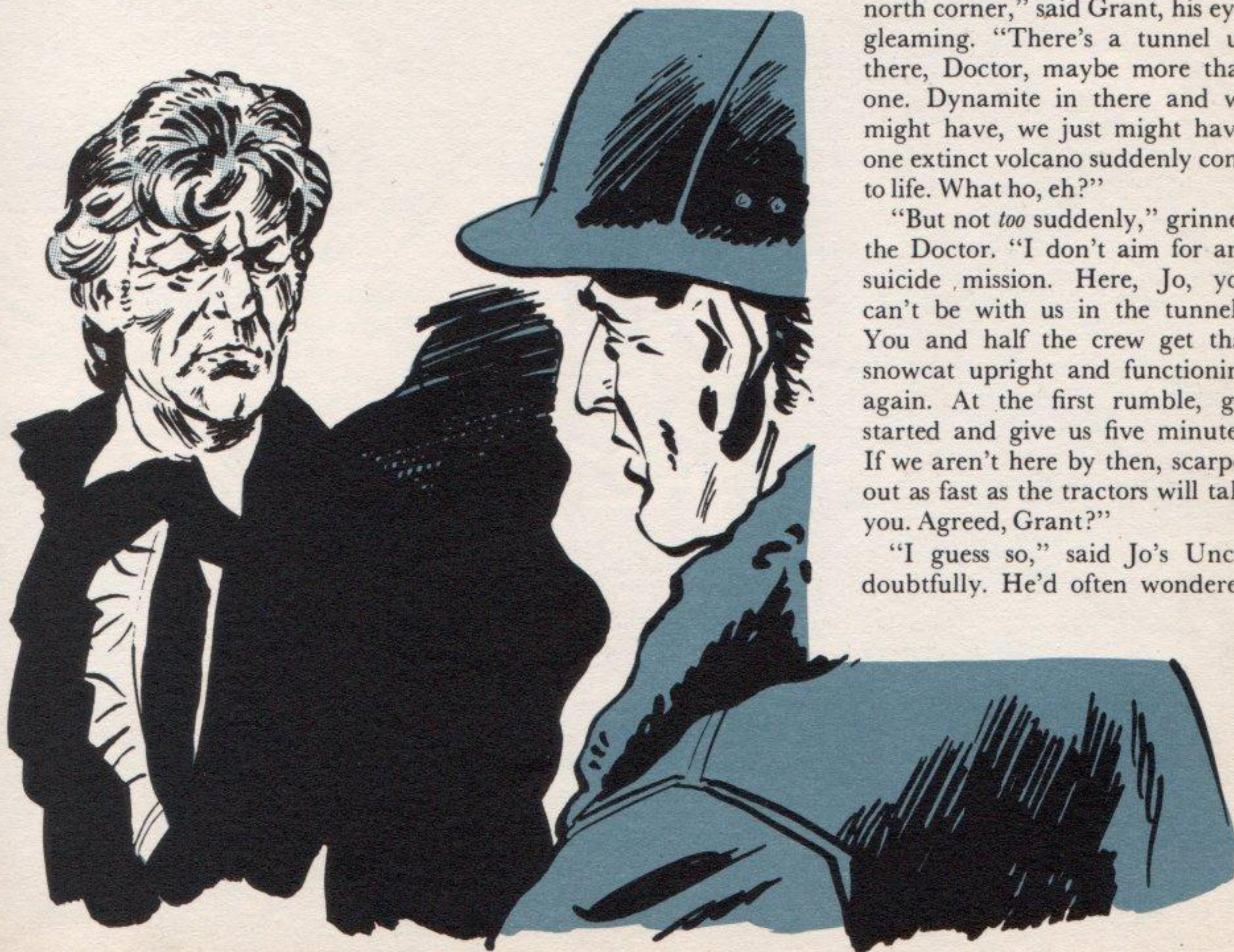
"Even so," said the Doctor, "we've no choice. It's war, between them and us. War for survival. Now, before I came I tracked your location on a seismological map. This rig is planted in the cone of a volcano lifeless for millions of years. Right?"

"Dead right, boss," put in one of the men. "Remember, we used to laugh about it sometimes—living on the lip of a volcano? We've an old map the scientists prepared for us—remember those geologists who gave us the go-ahead for the test drills?"

"And the dynamite stock in the north corner," said Grant, his eyes gleaming. "There's a tunnel up there, Doctor, maybe more than one. Dynamite in there and we might have, we just might have, one extinct volcano suddenly come to life. What ho, eh?"

"But not *too* suddenly," grinned the Doctor. "I don't aim for any suicide mission. Here, Jo, you can't be with us in the tunnels. You and half the crew get that snowcat upright and functioning again. At the first rumble, get started and give us five minutes. If we aren't here by then, scarper out as fast as the tractors will take you. Agreed, Grant?"

"I guess so," said Jo's Uncle doubtfully. He'd often wondered



about the strange job his niece had, but he hadn't guessed that it ever led into corners quite as tight as this one.

"Oh, I'm quite okay, Uncle," Jo laughed. "Now that I know you are still in one piece. With the Doctor you get the feeling that nothing can ever go wrong."

"Hope you're right this time," shrugged her Uncle. "Get going then."

Whenever they passed an exit glowing red, Doctor Who was reminded of the stories of the underworld and demons and devils and so on. He did fancy he saw glimpses of the mysterious Klatris—tall, big, metallic-looking crea-

tures, moving like men, but not at all like men. Rather, there seemed to be very many different shapes and forms, for many different functions, mused the Doctor. This time they would be stopped. What about another and a next time?

The dynamite was laid in many tunnels, and the trail of cordite laid back to the small metal room. One of the crew streaked out to warn the snowcat crew and give them the five minutes.

Then Doctor Who drove home the plunger, and they all ran out, through the snow as though banshees were after them.

The low, rumbling noises reached them as the snowcat

plunged through the snow and ice. Towards the jet on the ice runway they sped, and they all piled out.

Doctor Who grabbed the arm of the Major-General quite roughly. "All aboard, sir, and off the deck." He grinned. "Have to report a volcano waking and stretching itself. Won't be healthy round here after a bit."

Carter began to protest, but others of the expedition began running and, following Who's pointing finger, he saw a frontier of flaming pink lava, with hundreds of side runnels, creeping down from the ice-mountain. He did not argue.

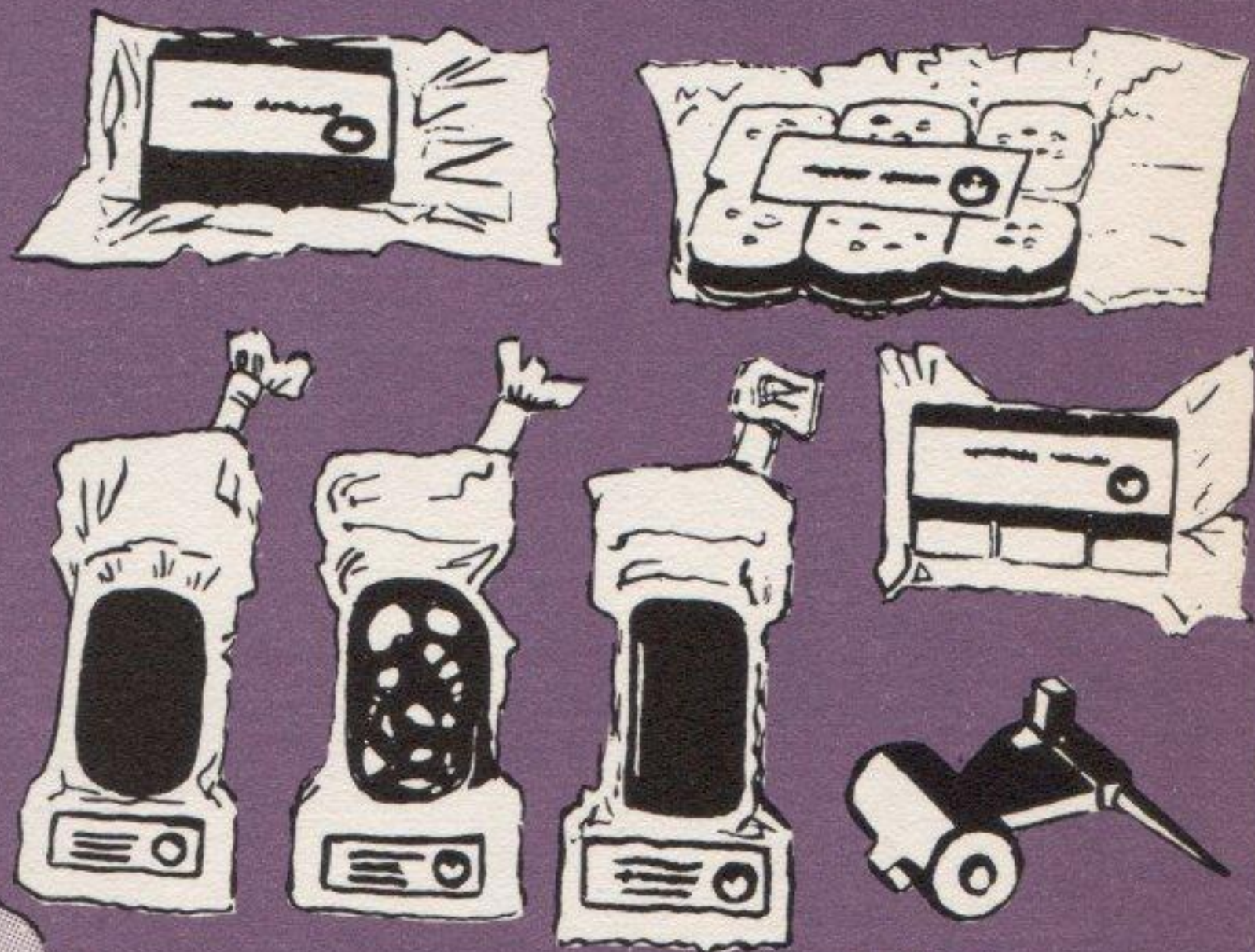
From the air, they saw the spouting of the lava from the main cone, and for a moment were in danger from the great boulders of ice that were flung up in every direction.

"This isn't a usual week-end for us, Uncle," laughed Jo Grant. "It's normally a great deal calmer than this."

He grinned at the Doctor. "I can see, though, Jo girl, that you don't exactly have a dull life with the good Doctor, eh?"



THE WAY TO AN ASTRONAUT'S HEART



The way to any man's heart is through his stomach, so the old saying goes, and perhaps an astronaut is no different in this respect from any other man. But the form that the food takes to tempt *his* palate is something entirely different again.



IT'S IN THE BAG!

"Eggs and bacon? Certainly, third bag from the left, and you'll need the reconstituent, too." Mealtimes on board a rocket to the moon go something like this.

The meals don't consist of a very boring assortment of pills, as you might think. Indeed the menus are very varied . . . and just think of the time saved, with no cooking beforehand and no washing-up afterwards. The astronauts simply select one of the vacuum-sealed packs containing the meal of their choice and then reconstitute it! And that's not as difficult as it sounds, either.

Some of the food which is taken on board is prepared and ready to eat, and is even sliced into bite-sized pieces. But this isn't always possible with other kinds of food. Things like roast beef, fried eggs, vegetables and fruit are freeze-dried and vacuum-packed. This not only preserves them, but saves weight in the rocket ship too. Before these freeze-dried foods may be eaten, however, they must be made palatable again, and this is done with the aid of a specially designed water dispenser, similar to a water pistol. All the astronaut has to do is squeeze a measured amount of water into the bag and then knead the mixture gently, forming a thick paste. He can then squeeze the food directly from the bag into his mouth.

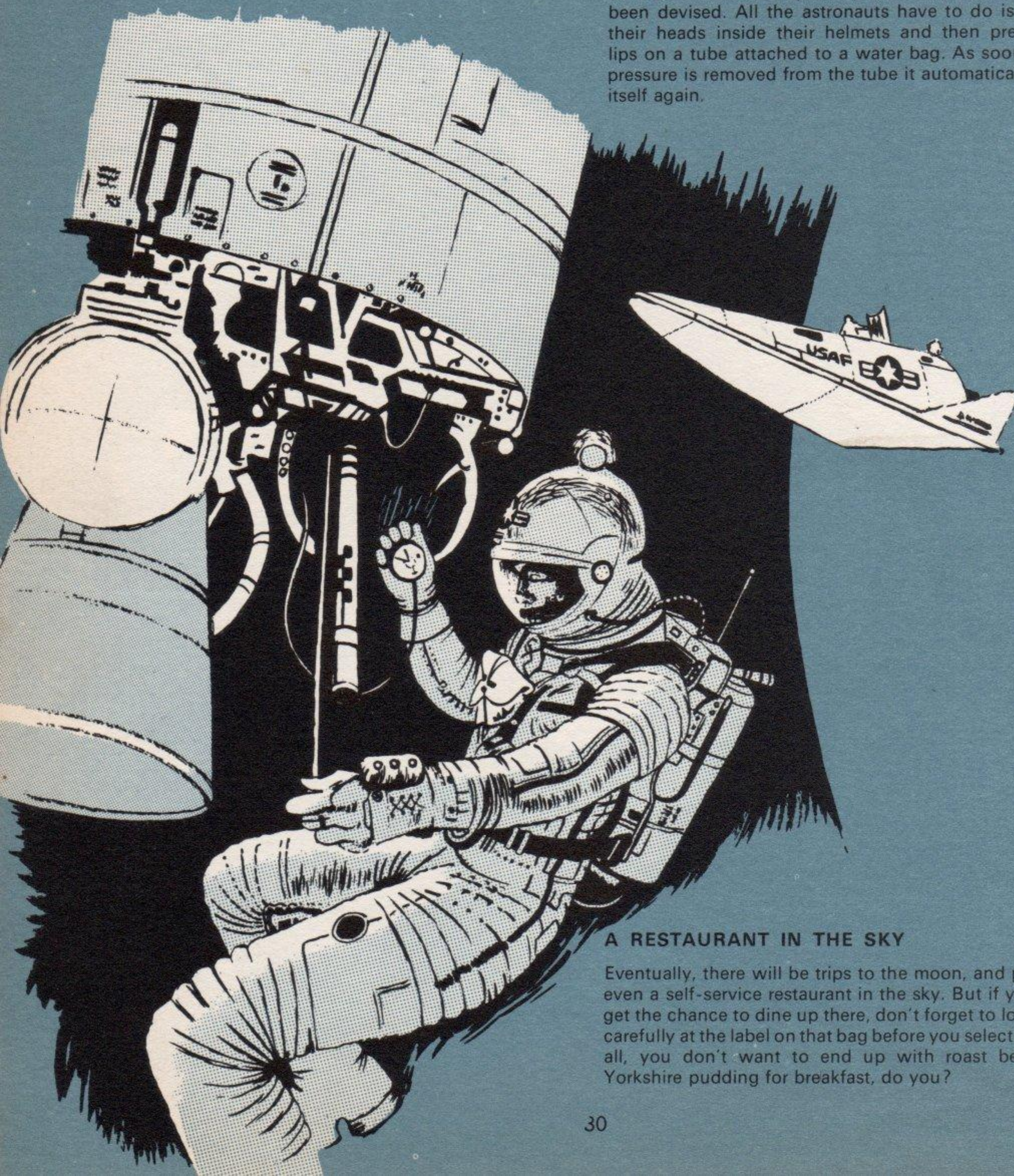
IT FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

Although these 'meals in a bag' don't taste as good as the original, they do save a lot of problems, apart from the ones already mentioned. Weightlessness inside the rocket causes enough trouble for the astronauts, without them having to catch their meal before they can eat it! You see, a normal meal on a plate would simply float away—and can you imagine trying to hang on to some mashed potato with one hand and rice pudding with the other?

MEALS ON THE MOON

Once you're on the moon your problems aren't over either, it's even more difficult to eat and drink there. The moon's atmosphere makes it necessary for the astronauts to wear special space helmets with large visors, which are sealed to maintain the temperature and artificial atmosphere inside the space suits. And so each time the astronauts need a meal they need to return to the spacecraft, where they can remove their helmets.

The only trouble is that it's thirsty work walking about on the moon, and the astronauts become extra thirsty because of the pure oxygen that they have to breathe. But it's not always possible to return to the rocket just for a drink, and so a special plastic water container has been devised. All the astronauts have to do is to turn their heads inside their helmets and then press their lips on a tube attached to a water bag. As soon as the pressure is removed from the tube it automatically seals itself again.



A RESTAURANT IN THE SKY

Eventually, there will be trips to the moon, and perhaps even a self-service restaurant in the sky. But if you ever get the chance to dine up there, don't forget to look very carefully at the label on that bag before you select it. After all, you don't want to end up with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding for breakfast, do you?

UP IN SPACE

How good is your knowledge of space? Here is your chance to find out. You may not be up to the standard of an expert like Dr Who, but you can still be well-informed on the subject. Award yourself three points for every correct answer.

- 1 Which is the hottest of the major planets?
- 2 Which is the coldest of the major planets?
- 3 Which is the only planet with a single satellite?
- 4 Which is the brightest star in the heavens?
- 5 Excepting the case of the Sun, which is the nearest star to the Earth?
- 6 What are super-novae?
- 7 Where and when did the rocket originate?
- 8 Who was the first person to leave an artificial satellite during orbit?
- 9 Who was the first man undisputedly known to have died during space flight?
- 10 Where is the largest telescope in the world situated?

ANSWERS

- 1 Mercury.
- 2 Pluto.
- 3 The Earth.
- 4 Sirius A, also known as the Dog Star.
- 5 *Proxima Centauri*, which is 4.3 light-years (25,000,000,000 miles) away.
- 6 Temporary 'stars' which flare and then fade, and which occur perhaps five times in 1,000 years.
- 7 The origin of the rocket dates from war rockets propelled by a charcoal-saltetre-sulphur gun-powder, made by the Chinese as early as about 1100. Lt.Col. Alexei Leonov, of the Soviet Union, who left *Voskhod II* on 18th March 1965.
- 8 Col. Vladimir Komarov, of the Soviet Union, who was launched in *Soyuz-1* on 23rd April 1967. The spacecraft was in orbit for about 25 hours, but he died during the descent to the ground.
- 9 At the Mount Palomar Observatory in California. This extraordinary instrument, 200 inches in diameter, allows us to see nebulae 500 million light-years away.
- 10

If you scored 24 points or more, you may have the makings of a scientist; between 18 and 24 points is still good; anything lower, you either don't care about space lore, or you need to do some reading up on this fascinating subject.

The moorland sheep that grazed the Yorkshire hill slopes were the only witnesses to the Thing's arrival. As it began to materialise slowly in their midst, a wild panic spread through the flock, which fled away through the rocky hollows.

An unearthly light flickered like summer lightning as the long, spiny structure took shape. When at last it stood swaying on its dozen spidery steel legs, it was like a gigantic, nightmarish praying mantis.

For a full three minutes it stood swaying, as it gathered strength after its fantastic journey through Time. But suddenly all movement stopped. The Thing stiffened in alarm, as a faint, whining noise was heard above the low moan of the wind.

The Thing turned its head, extending long antennae. Its compound eyes, burning with a yellow light, swivelled with urgent movement. The yellow glow intensified as the creature withdrew its antennae, and prepared to escape...

Its long outline began to shimmer and grow uncertain. Slowly the Thing sank into the hillside. In a few moments the moor was deserted again... But not for long. The whine that had alarmed the Mantis changed to a crackling that increased steadily. When it suddenly stopped, four strange figures were standing in the same spot as the creature. They were humanoids, squat and powerful in build, in close-fitting uniforms of silver-grey, and with glistening helmets covering their large heads and flat, featureless faces.

For a moment the group stood like statues. Then the grating voice of the leader brought them springing into urgent action. They fanned out, holding bulbous ray-guns, and searched.

Suddenly one bent low to the ling-grass, clucking excitedly, and running his three-clawed hand over the spot. "Fhibo! Come! The Kelad was here!"

The leader hurried to the spot. He, too, ran his hand over the spot

where the grass was still springing back from the pressure of the creature.

"Yes," he clucked. "It has gone below, Miff. We must follow... Regnil! The transporter!"

From his back one of the other two soldiers took a flat case. They all stood in a group, and Regnil touched a control... There was a crackle, and the pursuing party vanished.

The wind whistled over the windscreen of the big yellow car, and plucked at the silk headscarf which Jo Grant had tied over her dark hair.

She glanced at the Doctor next to her. He was leaning back against the leather upholstery of his strange vehicle, and obviously enjoying every minute of the windblown ride.

"Well, what did you think about our visit to the experimental radar station, Doctor?" she asked.

He nodded absently. "Interesting, Jo," he admitted. "It was thoughtful of Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart to arrange for me to see it. But I'm afraid much of the equipment is rather primitive compared with—" He broke off with a sudden exclamation, as the lights of the car picked out a man stumbling onto the moorland road, and waving frantically.

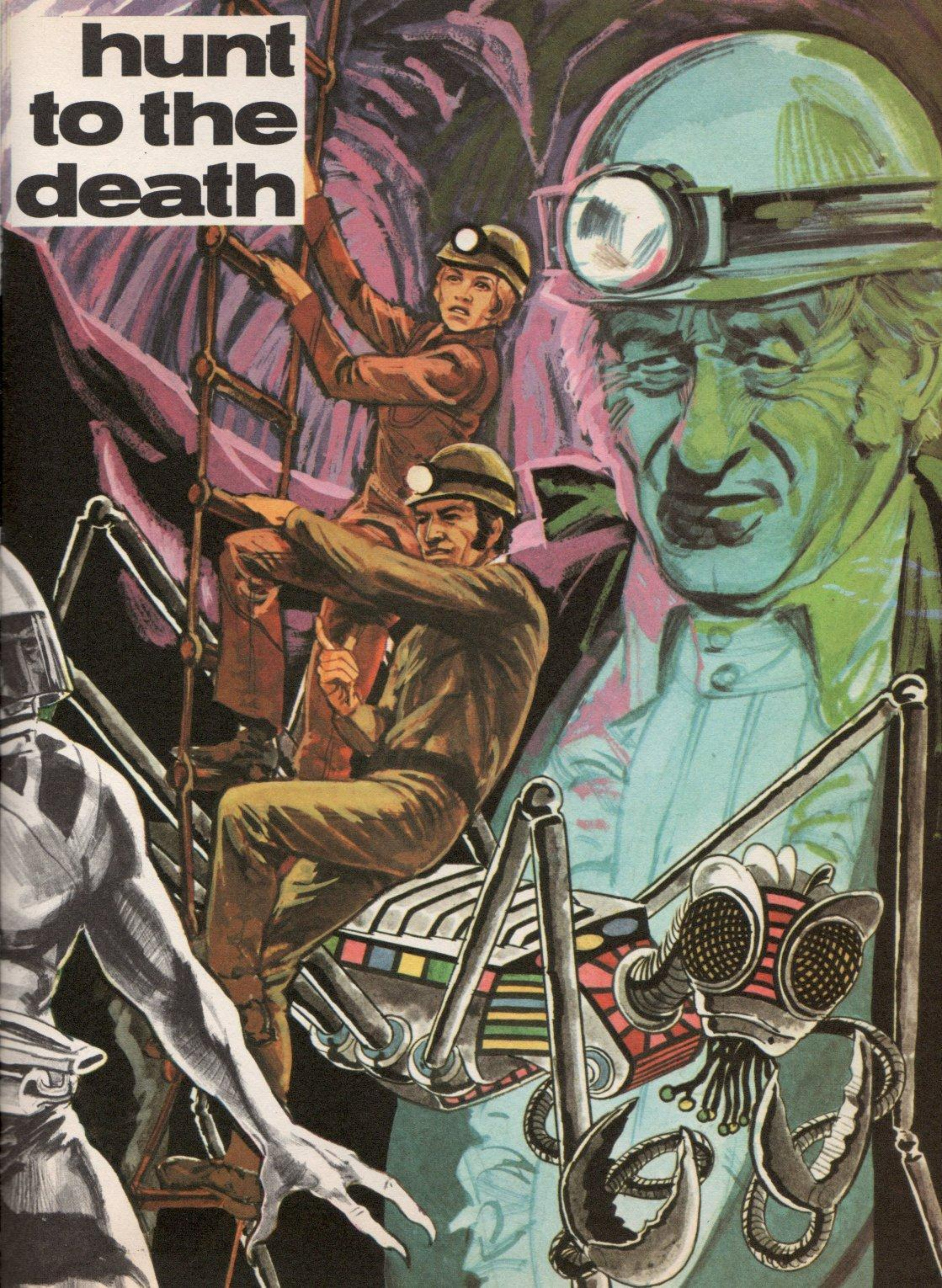
As the car slowed to a halt, they could see that the man was distressed. He was young, and seemed to be dressed in climbing gear. He wore heavy boots, and was warmly dressed, with a suit of stout overalls that were streaked and wet. On his head he wore a protective helmet, with a powerful lamp attached to it.

His face was ashen as he leaned for support on the running-boards, and gasped out: "I—need help... nearest phone... must call pothole rescue party."

Dr Who stepped out of the car. The wind caught his cloak and sent it billowing out behind him. It occurred to Jo that he looked quite a satanical figure in the dim light on that lonely hillside.

"You'd better just sit and get





**hunt
to the
death**

your breath, my good fellow," said the scientist soothingly.

The other allowed himself to be seated on the running-boards.

"You are a potholer, then?" quizzed Jo.

He nodded. "Yes. Bill Harkin. Came up from Manchester with three other lads from our potholing club. We went down Tumbling Pot, and one of the lads has broken his leg, we think . . . Can't get at him."

The scientist nodded. "I see. Well, there's a telephone box down the road, isn't there, Jo?"

"Yes. You could phone from there. Come on," she said to Harkin.

A few minutes later, they had been in touch with the police. As they emerged from the phone box, Dr Who said: "We'd better go back to this pothole, and see if there is any other help we can give."

They came to the mouth of the pothole at the end of a shallow gully in the hillside. Dr Who looked with keen interest at the huge steel bar driven into the rock, from which a rope ladder was tied.

It hung down in the well of shadows that gave access to the hidden world below ground.

Harkin switched on his helmet lamp. "I'm going down again," he said. "I've got to see if my mates have been able to get Alfie out."

Dr Who motioned towards the pile of spare equipment nearby, which included helmets. "May I come with you?" he wanted to know. "As a scientist, I'm very keen to see one of these potholes . . . And, of course, I'd like to help you."

Harkin shrugged doubtfully. "Well, it ain't a difficult climb—not till you reach the first pitch," he admitted. "But you ain't exactly dressed for it."

"Don't worry about me," the Doctor assured him, picking up one of the helmets and trying it.

Jo said: "Just a minute! You don't expect me to stay here on my own, do you?"

Harkin stared. "Oh, you don't want to go down, Miss," he assured her. "It ain't no place for a lady."

Her reply was to pick up one of the helmets and try it on. "Maybe I can help, too," she said determinedly.

With a helpless shrug, the potholer stepped towards the pot entrance, and led the way down the rope ladder.

Jo followed. Her helmet light showed the dripping, rock walls of a funnel that widened and finally disappeared.

Harkin was waiting to help her onto a rock platform. When the Doctor had joined them, he said: "Better follow me. It's a passage that slopes down to the first pitch."

In single file they penetrated the darkness, their helmet beams picking out the grotesquely-carved limestone.

A faint crackling sound brought the potholer to a sudden stop. He held up a warning hand. Dr Who stepped to his side as the crackling grew louder . . .

Suddenly there appeared in their torch beams a crouching figure with a strange weapon in





his three-clawed hand. It was Fhibo. He recoiled sharply from the probing lights, and whirled in their direction, his gun ready. His voice clucked a challenge: "Who are you?"

It was the Doctor who answered. Switching off his lamp, he stepped forward so that he could be seen, and took off the helmet. "My dear Fhibo! We meet again under strange circumstances!"

The hunter gave a start as he recognised the speaker. "It is you—the Time Traveller!" he clucked. Something like a smile lit the flat, featureless face.

Dr Who also smiled. "You remember me, eh? My visit in the *Tardis* has not faded into a fairy story on Planet Llios?"

Fhibo lowered his ray-gun and shook his head. "The memory of the Doctor is kept alive among us. Was it not your leadership that freed us from the Kelads?"

The scientist shrugged. "Those spindly monsters! How warped their robot minds had become, eh?"

Fhibo nodded gloomily. "Warped—but cunning," he said. "It was not the end of them after you left in your strange ship, Doctor. They recovered, they worked in secret places, they spread terror. We began to fear. But we remembered you, and our courage returned. We vowed to wipe out the Kelads to the very last one . . . That is why you find me here in this Earth cavern."

Jo and Harkin were staring with speechless wonder at this strange meeting, and even stranger conversation.

"One of the Kelads is down here?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"It used the Time Transporter

that you helped us to perfect," clucked Fhibo. "We dare not let it escape, or it could return to Llios."

Dr Who nodded agreement. "You have companions?"

"Yes. Three others. We split up to try and locate the Kelad—" Fhibo broke off as a long-drawn-out scream of fear came knifing upwards from the bowels of the hillside.

Fhibo stiffened. "One of my men," he clucked. "The Kelad has been found."

"Unless it's one of our lads," put in Harkin.

Quickly Dr Who explained the predicament of the potholers. "We

The first space travellers were dogs, chimpanzees, mice, rats, rabbits, and a variety of insects. Laika, the little Russian dog, and the first of the animal astronauts, went through a long training period before she was ready for her flight. She spent long periods in an isolation chamber, practised wearing a spacesuit, learned how to wear electronic sensors which would send information back to Earth, and was put on a special diet.



must get to the injured man at once, and bring him out," he added.

Harkin was already striding ahead. The others hurried to catch up. He halted at a spot where the floor of the passage sank from sight. "This is the first pitch—and you've got to lower yourself nice and easy," he ordered.

Fhibo watched them descend. As the Doctor began to lower himself, the hunter said quietly: "I must go ahead. My men need me." He dipped his clawed hand inside the breast of his tunic, and touched a button. The crackling noise began again, and Fhibo vanished.

There was little time to puzzle over his disappearance. For now the pothole tunnels were lower, narrower and more tortuous.

Jo and the Doctor found their elbows and knees grazed as they crawled at Harkin's heels. When at last he reached a place where he could stand, the others dragged themselves to their feet, panting.

"Not far now," grunted the potholer. "We call this part the rabbit-warren—because of all the different tunnels." He paused and glanced pityingly at Jo's bedraggled figure. Her clothes were torn and wet. "Maybe you'd better stay here, Miss, with the Doctor," he suggested.

But Jo shook her head doggedly. "No. I'm all right. Let's go on."

Harkin struck off along a passage which was in places knee-deep in water. "We'll come out in a really big cave. We call it the Cathedral. That's where I left Alfie with the others," said the potholer over his

shoulder.

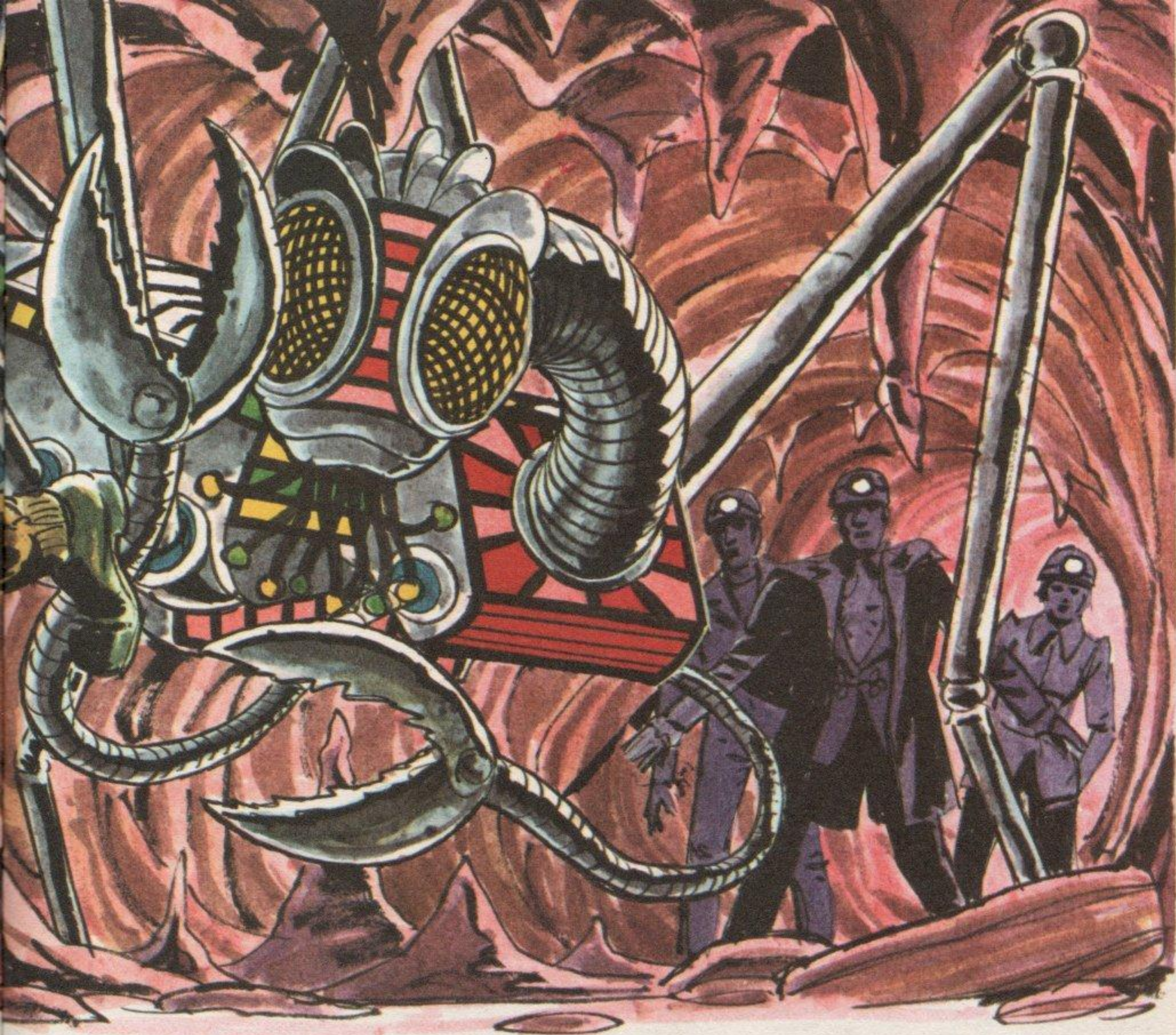
Jo soon realised why a rescue team was going to be needed to bring out the injured man. For now Harkin had gone down on hands and knees to squeeze through a narrow opening he called the 'Letterbox'. Beyond lay another steep pitch, and this time they descended by a rope-ladder.

Harkin waited for them at the foot of the pitch. He pointed. "Almost there," he said. "The lads should be—" Another shrill scream cut him short. It came from nearby.

Harkin set off at a run.

"Come back! It may be the Kelad!" yelled Dr Who.

But the potholer paid no attention. The other two ran, stumbling, after the dancing helmet-beam. When Harkin stopped suddenly, they almost ran into him. He



pointed across the floor of the cave they had entered. "Look! Look at that!"

The Kelad seemed to fill the cave, both with its long, jointed body, and with the menacing clicking of its spidery steel legs. Its two front legs were many-jointed, and ended in powerful pincers. It was these pincers, held together, that gave the robot monster its appearance as a praying mantis. But now the legs were held in readiness to attack, as the Kelad clicked across the cave in pursuit of three figures scrambling in mad haste to escape.

"It's the Kelad! It's got your friends cornered!" murmured the Doctor.

"Is there nothing we can do?" gasped Jo.

The scientist wrapped his cloak

around him and strode forward. "Whistle!" came the surprising reply. "Whistle loud! It mixes up the robot's radar."

The others followed. Their tuneless whistling echoed sharply through the cave.

The Kelad stopped. Its head began to sway in confusion, and the long antennae waved wildly.

They passed so close to one of the creature's legs, that Jo's mouth dried up with fear, and her whistling ceased. But Harkin and the Doctor kept up their shrill cacophony, as they took the frightened girl by the arms and helped her.

The respite had given the other potholers a chance to hoist their injured companion to a ledge partly screened by a huge stalagmite.

Harkin saw that they were all trembling from the stress of their awful experience. He stopped whistling to whisper encouragement to his friends.

The Doctor also ran out of breath, and his whistling stopped. "Well, it worked!" he panted, as he squatted on the ledge. "The Kelad still hasn't figured out a protection against a good old-fashioned whistle."

Harkin gave him a look of gratitude. "Thank goodness you got here in time to save the lads," he said. "The only snag is—we're trapped now!"

Jo, who was examining the injured man, gave the speaker a quick glance. "There's no other way out of this cave?"

"No," said Harkin. "And something tells me we're not going to

get past that outsize cricket by whistling again!"

The Kelad was coming closer. It lowered its head to peer round the stalagmite, and they shrank away from the burning yellow of its evil compound-eye.

Suddenly, one of the pincers closed around the thick pillar of limestone. There was a splintering crack as the stalagmite was torn away.

Now there was no protection. But as the pincers moved towards the ledge, Dr Who yelled: "Back against the rock—and whistle!"

The shrill burst of sound caused the Kelad to hesitate. The antennae jerked and spun . . . At the same moment there came a crackling sound, and the trapped party saw the figures of Fhibo and his three

companions materialise below. One of them, Miffle, had been injured. His right arm hung limply, but he levelled his ray-gun with his left hand.

As the four ray-guns flashed in a deadly barrage, the creature from Llios jerked and shuddered. It lashed out with its dozen spidery legs. Two of the attackers were flung back. The other two closed in. They were aiming for the huge eyes . . .

When one of the rays found its target, a tremendous flash exploded from the Kelad's armoured head. There was a deafening whine, which slowly died away as the robot creature crumpled to the floor of the cave.

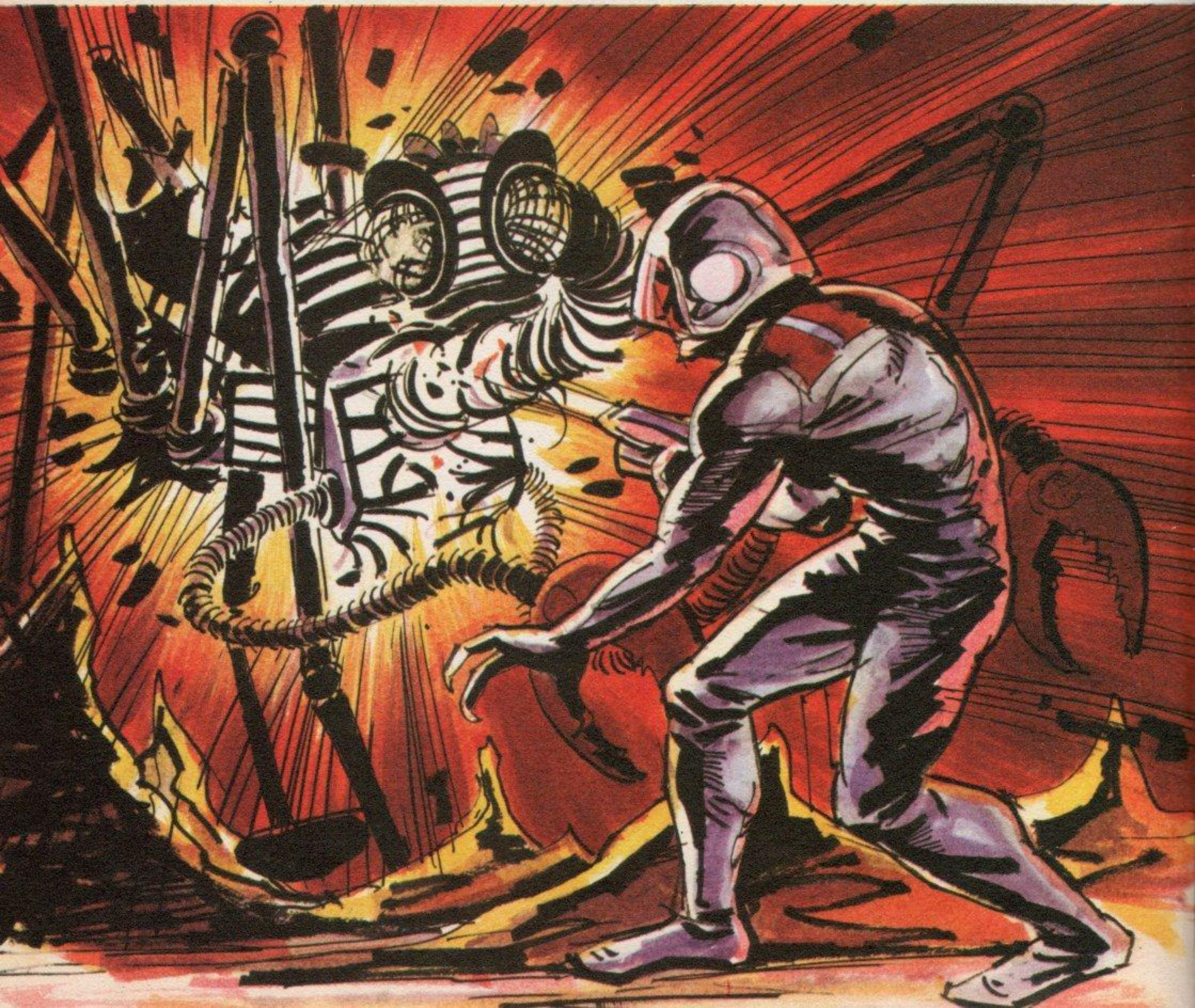
The clean night air of the Yorkshire moors had never smelled

so sweet to Jo Grant, as she emerged from the pothole entrance. There were lights on the hillside, moving towards them, and the sound of men shouting. She turned to find Dr Who and Bill Harkin removing their helmets.

The potholer grinned. "You'll make a great potholer yet, Miss," he said. "Care to come back with us next week, when we go down to dismantle that—that Thing in the cave?"

Jo shuddered. "No, thank you," she said feelingly.

"I wouldn't count on finding anything when you go back," put in Dr Who. "Fhibo and his men will want to take a trophy when they go home to Llios . . . and, after all, I think they deserve it."



Mythical Monsters

In his many adventures, Dr Who has seen many strange and dangerous foes, but he has always managed to escape from them—for the time being, at least. But monsters have been with us, in fact and fiction, since the

earliest days of civilization. Here are some stories of the strange mythical monsters in which the early Greeks and Romans believed.



The *Gorgons* were three hideous sisters, Stheno, Euryale and Medusa, daughters of the sea-god Phorcus. Their faces held terror for men and gods alike, as they glared out from their home on the edge of the world. They had huge tusks, serpents on their heads instead of

hair, and gold wings to enable them to fly. Many ancient heroes tried to kill the wicked monsters, but most perished, for any person who looked into the eyes of a Gorgon was turned to stone. Medusa, the only mortal Gorgon, was finally killed as she lay sleeping.



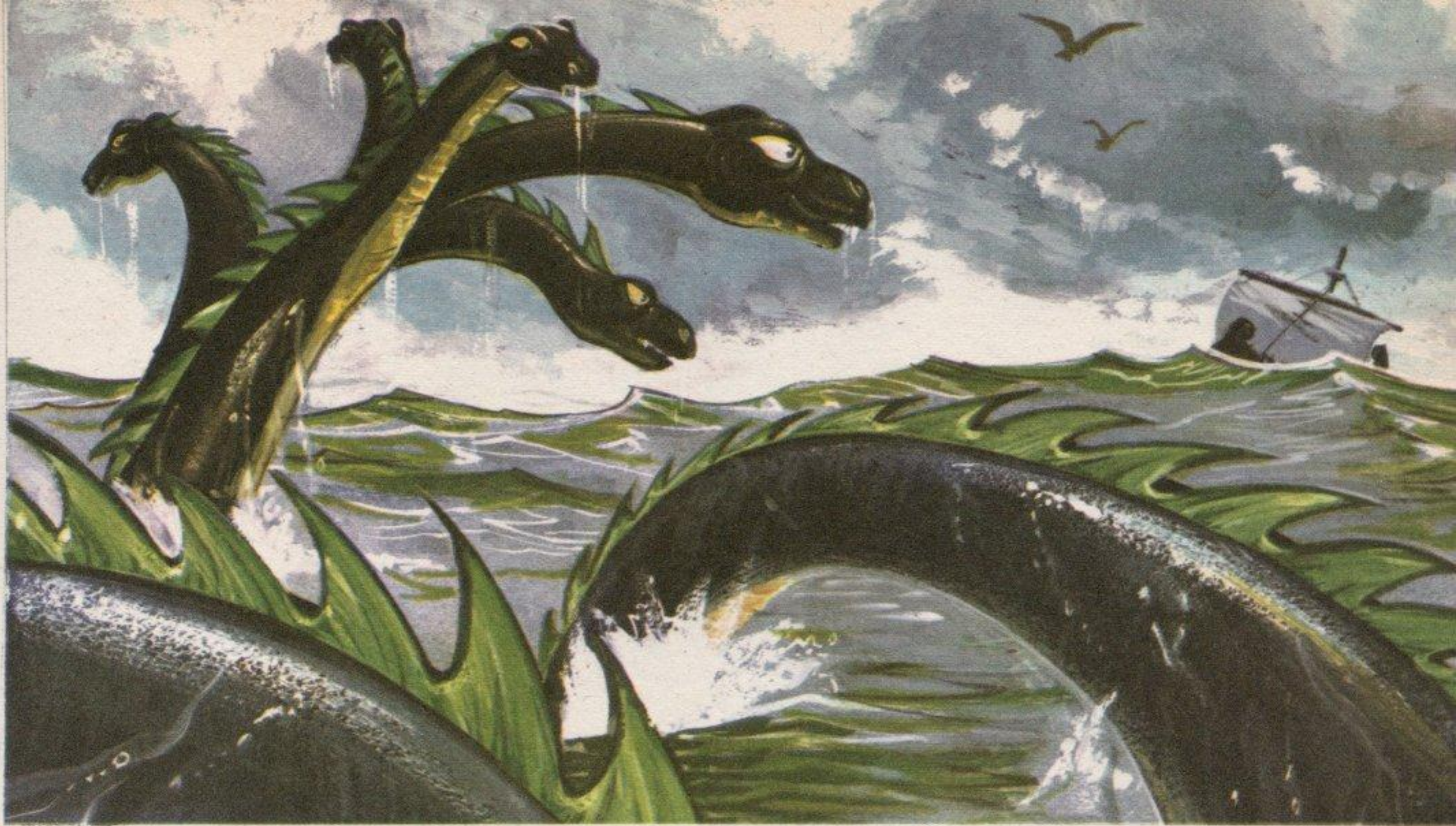
The Furies were the terrible goddesses of revenge in Greek and Roman mythology; Alecto, Tisiphone and Megaera. Snakes and serpents sprouted from their heads and bodies, and their wings were scales of brass. They punished mortals for every kind of crime, even if

the person had done wrong without realising it! The Furies would harass the poor creatures until they were driven quite mad, flying behind them carrying their flaming torches and whips.

The Cyclops were a race of giant shepherds who are said to have lived on the island of Sicily. They were terrifying to look at for, apart from their great size, they had only one eye in the centre of their forehead. Once Odysseus and twelve of his men were captured by the Cyclops Polyphemus, who intended to eat them, two by

two. But Odysseus had other ideas, so he gave the cyclops some wine until the giant fell into a deep sleep. He then blinded the huge giant, and told his men to cling onto the fleece of one of the giant's sheep. Thus they were able to go through the cave entrance past the enraged giant, and sail off again in their ship.



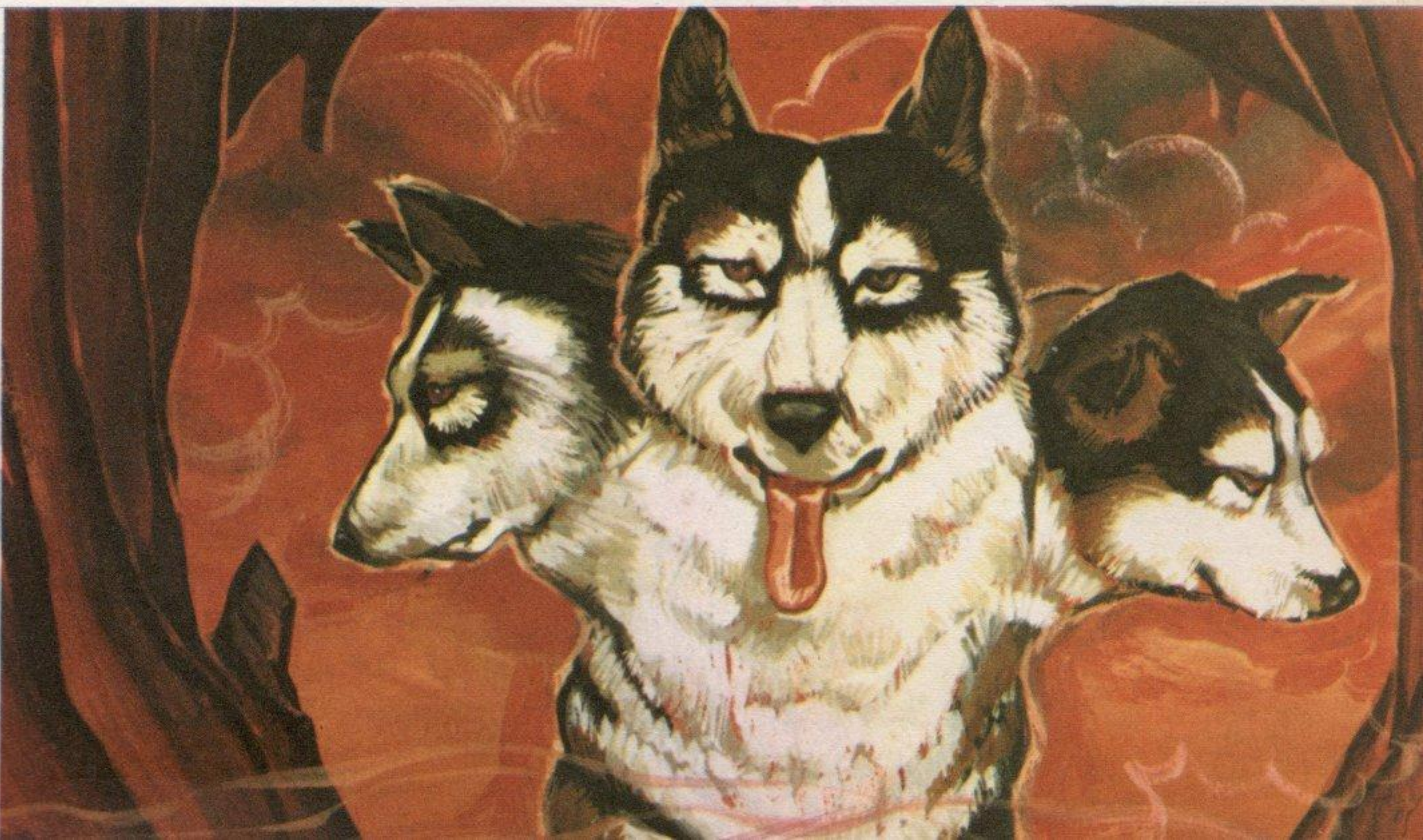


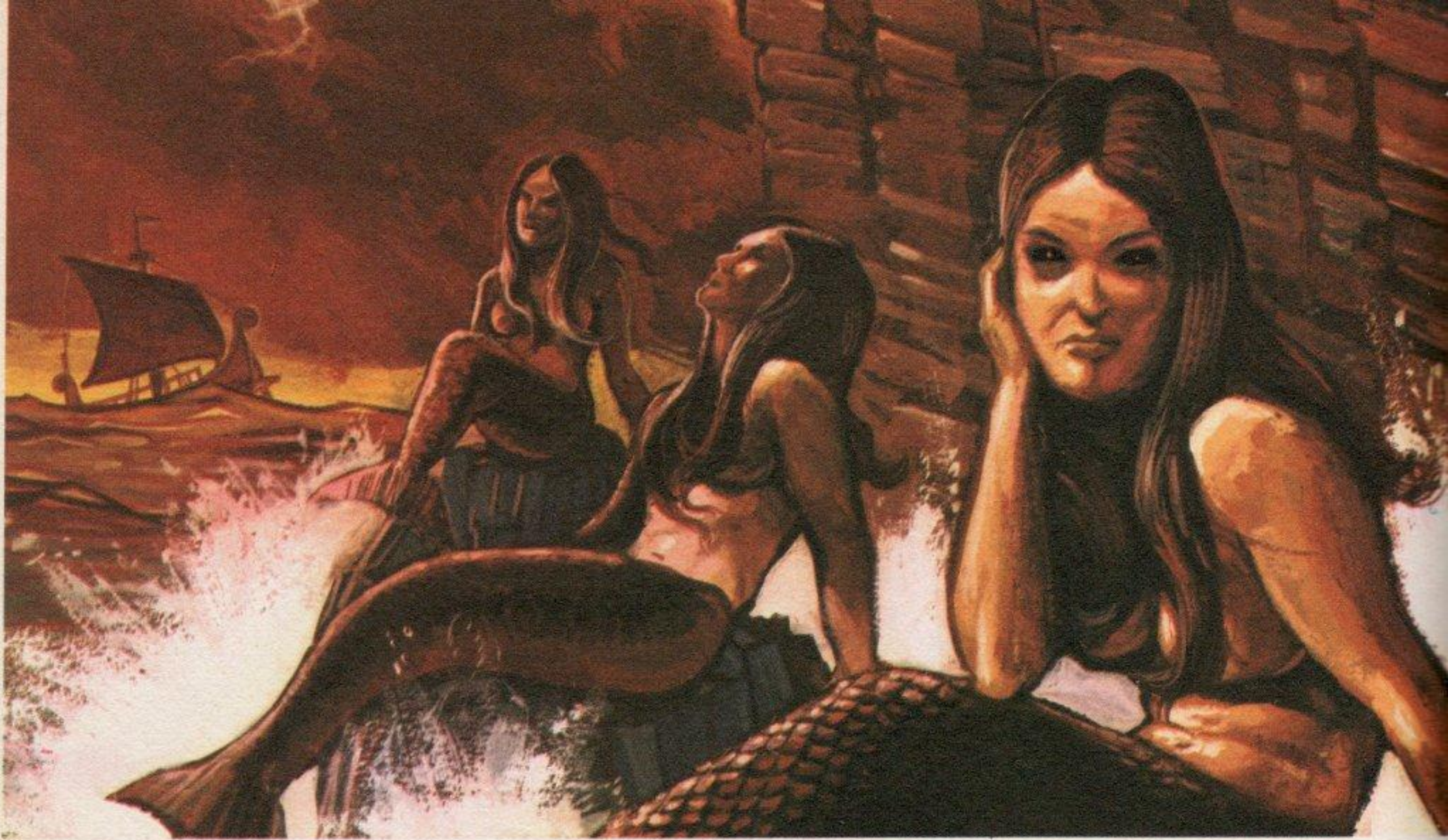
In Greek mythology, the *Hydra* was a serpent with many heads that lived in Lake Lerna. Many tried to destroy the evil monster, but when one head was cut off, two would grow in its place, and the middle head would not die. But Hercules, a great hero, determined to kill the Hydra, for its very breath could destroy life itself. As he cut off each head he told his nephew to seal the wound with a

flaming brand so that it could not grow again, then he cut off the last head and buried it beneath a stone. The Hydra's evil blood was poisonous, so before he went on to his next task, Hercules dipped his arrows into it, so that when they hit one of his enemies they would die immediately.

Cerberus was a monstrous dog who guarded the gate to Hades, the Lower World, in Greek mythology. He was a huge dog, with three fierce heads, and a mane and tail of serpents, and it was his job to make sure that only spirits or *shades*, were allowed to enter Hades. Once a spirit had entered Hades he savagely barred the entrance

so that they could not escape. Hercules, a great Greek hero, forced his way into Hades, where no mortals were allowed, and managed to capture Cerberus. He took him before Eurystheus, the King of Argos, but the king was so terrified at the sight of the great monster that he told Hercules to take Cerberus straight back to Hades!



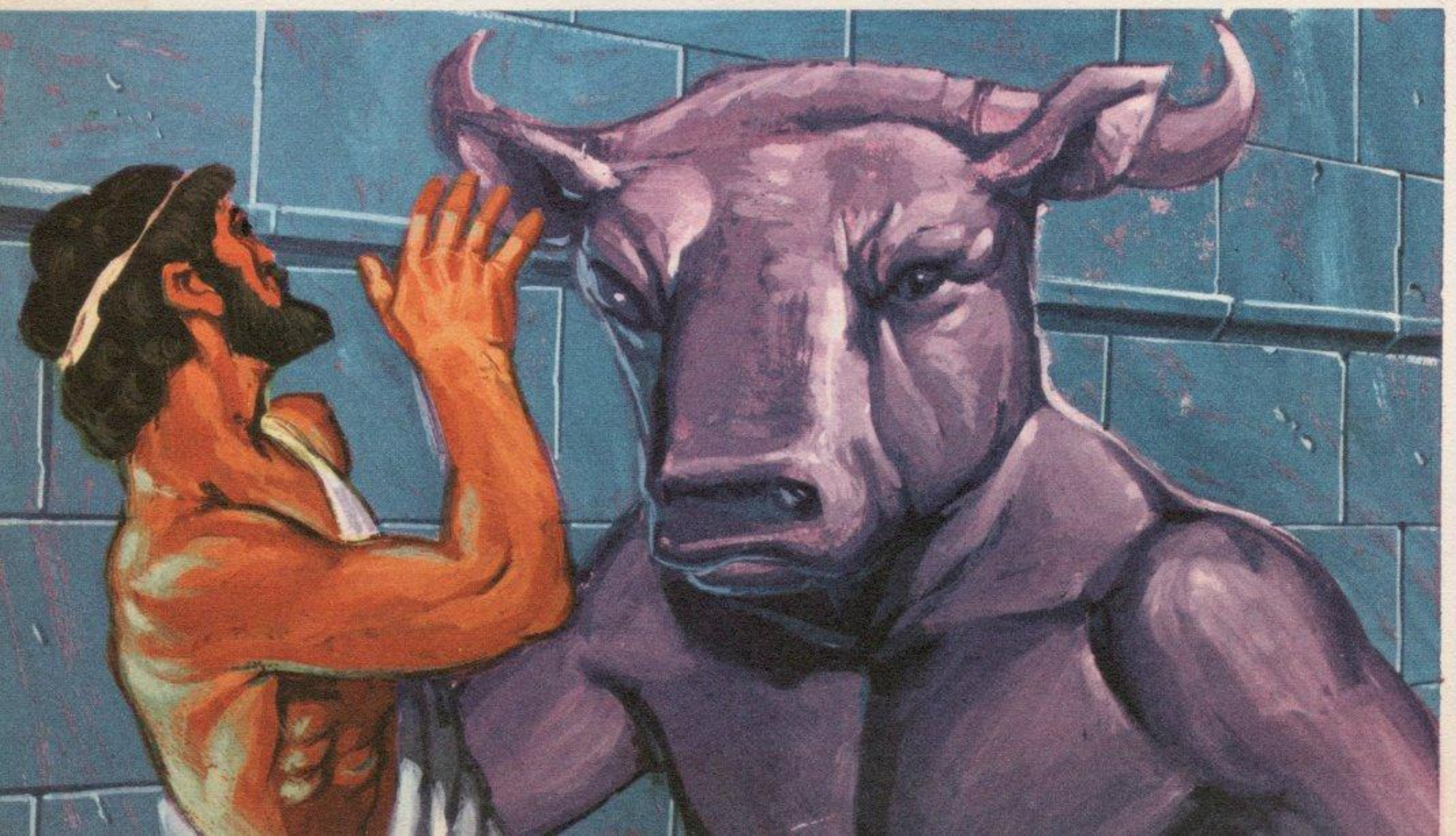


Siren was the name given to three sea nymphs who lived together on a lonely island in the middle of the ocean. Their strange singing drew sailors to the island, where they forgot all about their homes and families and finally starved to death. When Odysseus and his ship came close to the island, he put wax in his crew's ears, so that they would not hear the singing of the Sirens. Then he told

his men to lash him to the mast, so that when he heard the singing he would be unable to move. As the ship passed the island Odysseus strained at his bonds, for the singing drew him towards the island, but he was tied fast, and soon the ship sailed past the danger. The Sirens killed themselves then, for they had failed in their task.

The *Minotaur* was a frightening monster in Greek legend that had the head of a bull and the body of a man. King Minos of Crete kept the minotaur in the Labyrinth, a maze-like building of passages and corridors from which no one could escape. Every year Minos sacrificed seven youths and seven maidens to placate the minotaur, but

Theseus decided that he would kill the beast, so he ventured into the labyrinth carrying a ball of thread, which he unwound as he walked along. When he had fought and killed the monster, he simply followed the trail of thread back to the entrance and made his escape.



DOORWAY INTO NOWHERE

The yellow car stopped at the end of the lane, and Doctor Who killed the engine, got out and, hands on hips, surveyed the landscape.

"This has got to be the place, Jo," he said, looking down at a folded map in his hand. "This lane is a cul-de-sac; there'll be better ways to get to the place, but this is best for us, if what I

think is true and the Master is behind the disappearance of my old friend Giles. We'll leave the car here and go through the fence and across the field now that it's getting dusk."

Jo Grant got out of the car now and went to him. "What isn't clear to me, Doctor, is how you seem to know so much about all this. Who is this Giles man you talk about?—and, as for the Master, we haven't seen or heard of him for months."

"Follow me, Jo," snapped Doctor Who, as he crawled between the barbed-wire fencing. "There are still some things about which even you, after working with me, can have no possible idea. The Master himself is one of them. The other is the fact that Giles Winston is probably the greatest physicist, that humanity has so far produced."

"All right, all right," grumbled Jo, as she followed him, doing her blouse and slacks no good at all on the barbs. "So you say. But what, then, are these two great egg-heads of yours doing out here, miles from anywhere? This is an old abandoned factory, a relic of the last war, and we, I should guess, are merely wasting our time."

"Nonsense, my child," said the Doctor. "Giles in his letter gave me enough veiled hints to tell me that this is where he was going. Now,



you will remember that his letter to me was seven days old, and only seen by us because of our absence from my laboratory over that last troublesome affair with the Master. Then, the day after I read Giles's letter, he vanishes, and no one knows where he's gone . . . well, need I add more?"

Jo Grant knew Doctor Who too well to argue any more, and, in single file, and taking advantage of the thorn hedge, they approached the old group of buildings. There were two large, brick, shed-like buildings, with smaller buildings around. Steel ladders ran up the sides of most of the buildings,

and steel cat-walks joined the larger buildings. Gloomy and deserted in the gathering dusk, it looked eerie and weird to Jo. Then she jumped as the Doctor's arm grabbed hers. "For one second," he hissed, "I saw the gleam of a light. Came and went. From the top of that large middle building."

"Brrr!" said Jo, her teeth chattering. "Quite spooky-looking to me. But I suppose you'll be wanting to go and look for it?"

"Of course, child," said Doctor Who benevolently. "It is our duty. I am convinced the evil hand of the Master is in this, and if Giles Winston is being involved, then it

can mean only one thing. Need I tell you what, Jo?"

"No, I suppose not," she said reluctantly. "In cold blood it sounds silly by any standard, out, knowing that foul creature, I suppose it means he is making another attempt at world conquest?"

"It might even be worse than that, Jo," the doctor replied. "We know the powers of the Master. They are all for evil. If he has got into his power such intellectual giants as Professor Winston, whose scientific achievements are all for the good of humanity, then we have to stop whatever he is planning. After you up the ladder, my dear."

"Wish we could use a torch," said Jo, starting to climb the steel ladder.

Doctor Who followed her, and as he climbed he too felt very eerie. Not a gleam of light showed from any part of the complex of buildings, and not a sound could be heard. Just the sort of place a creature like the Master would choose for his nefarious undertakings.

Many a struggle with the mysterious man had Doctor Who fought. The powers of the Master were almost as great as those of the Doctor's, but only for evil, for cruelty and tyranny and world-domination.

"All the windows are covered with metal plates, Doctor," murmured Jo, as she reached the top of the ladder, with Doctor Who close behind her.

Then, just as he was about to answer, a door opened in front of them, and they stood paralysed and almost blinded by the intensely bright light from within.

A voice came from within; that voice they would recognise among a thousand voices.

"Welcome, my friends, welcome indeed," said the silky, suave voice, and facing them stood the smiling creature they knew as the Master. The cold eyes glittered and the cruel lips curled between the moustache and the pointed beard. In one hand he held a



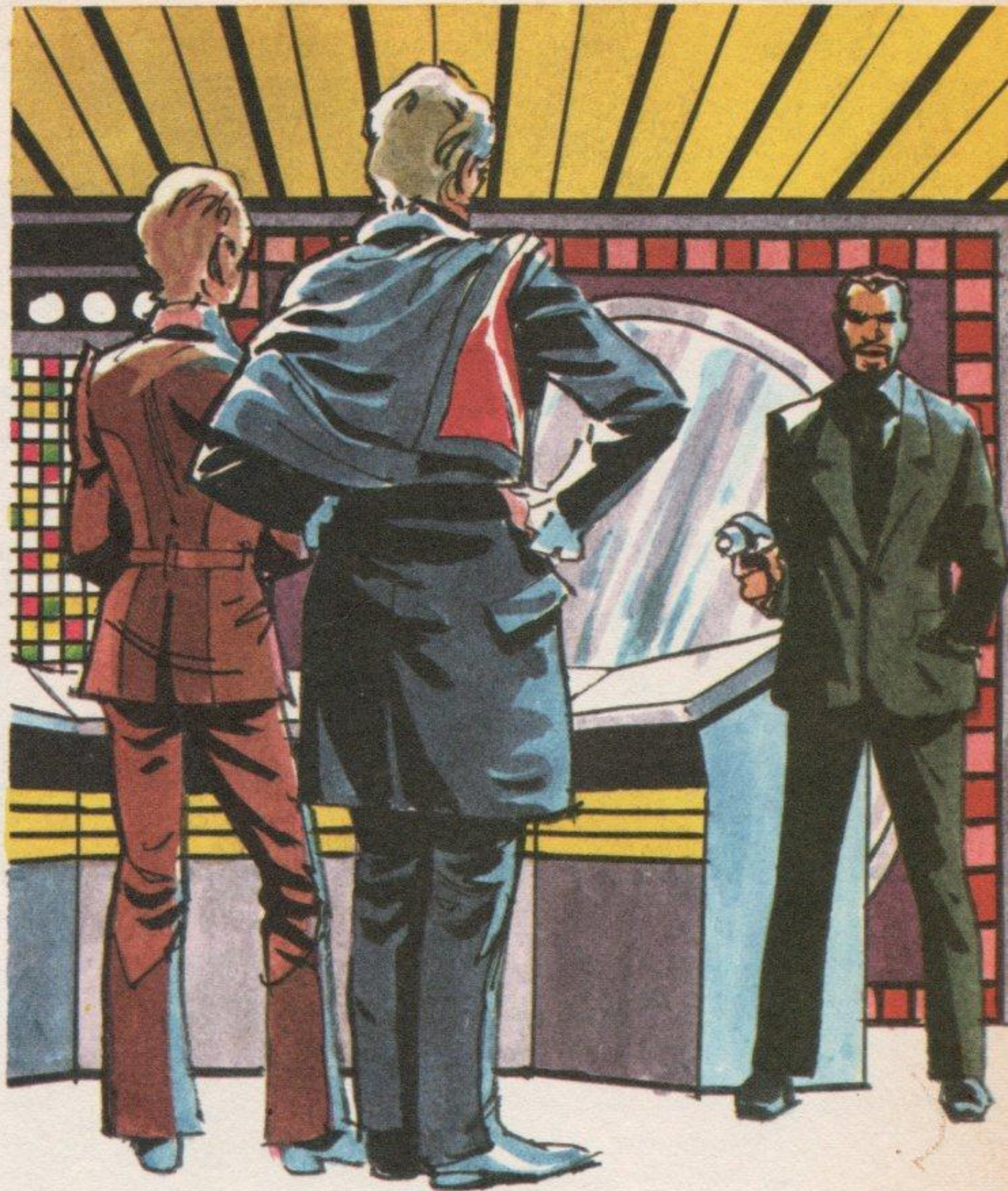
strange, glittering weapon, and he stood alone before an immense circular steel plate set in the wall with a control board at one side. "I knew you would come. I knew that the sudden absence of Giles Winston and the arrival of his letter to you, arranged to be delayed by me, would draw you as a flower draws a bee. We are well-met, indeed, my friend. You and I at last on the same side. Both of our titanic intelligences working for one purpose, with no more enmity and foolish waste of power and energy. Look, I lay down my weapon. You have no more to fear from me." He laid his shining weapon down on a table, and grinned at them.

"You and I on the same side?" sneered Doctor Who. "I know you to be mad, otherwise I would call you that now. What nonsense is this? Where is Winston and any others you may have snared?"

"I offer you the joint domination of an entire solar system," laughed the Master, "and you throw it back into my teeth. You and I, Doctor, are both innocent victims of the Time Lords, who exiled us both to Earth, instead of our true realm, the boundless Universe. I have found a way, and I offer it to you, to escape from the edict of the Time Lords—"

"You never give up, do you?" sneered Doctor Who. "I thought I had heard enough of your nonsense of world domination and enslavement. The Time Lords, thank the Fates, will never permit your evil and degenerate plots."

"The Time Lords," said the Master proudly, "mighty and powerful they are in the Time and the Space occupied by the Solar System and Earth. But in the Time and the Space of the star system and its rich planets, where I am going, are quite outside the power or even the knowledge of the Time Lords. I am going into another Dimension, Doctor, another Dimension of Time and Space. I have, by my awesome powers, discovered a Gateway between our own Dimension and the new one, co-existing together,



without any knowledge or contact between each other. Now, Doctor Who, we can defy the tyrannical Time Lords and rule a Universe all our own."

"He's gone crazy at last," whispered Jo, but the Doctor looked grim.

The theoretical possibility of what the scoundrel said could not be denied, in a Cosmos that is

truly infinite. No wonder he needed Giles Winston, an acknowledged expert in multi-dimensional physics. For Winston was the one man Doctor Who had ever known, apart from the Master himself, whose speculations and profound researches into the theories of the multi-dimensional character of the Cosmos had chimed in with the Doctor's own actual knowledge

A rocket works on the principle of re-action. The action of the rocket exhaust streaming rearwards produces a reaction in the opposite direction which thrusts the rocket forwards. Sir Isaac Newton, the great British scientist, pointed this out in his well-known Third Law: Every action has an equal and opposite reaction.



and experience of such hidden matters.

He said nothing, glaring fixedly at the glittering eyes of the Master. Another sneer twisted the mouth of the man opposite the Doctor and, as though to clinch his argument, he brought out the one argument outside his own powers, an argument which he knew would move the Doctor.

"Your own lost *Tardis*, Doctor—" he began, but Doctor Who snarled him into silence. He resumed in his silky voice: "A very sore point with you, of course. I always thought the Time Lords were extremely tyrannical in forbidding any use of it by you. A very interesting toy that was, I well remember. But enough of that, for the present at least. I know you well, my friend, and I know you will not accept my word for what I have told you—"

"I wouldn't believe you," growled Doctor Who, "if you told me that two and two equalled four."

"Tut, tut!" said the Master. "A most unscientific attitude for a man

who claims such knowledge of Time and Space and Reality as you do. But I am not offended. For I can give you the proof you need. I needed Winston and I needed you, Doctor, and now you are both here." He stopped, walked to a small door and called through it: "Come out now, Professor. He is here, as I promised you he would be."

With his cloak wrapped round him, and his face set, with Jo standing behind him trying not to feel too frightened, he watched the man who came through the doorway, saw his broad smile and welcoming hand, and looked from the face to that of the Master, now grinning like some conjurer who has just brought a rabbit out of a hat.

"My dear Doctor," laughed Giles Winston, "you cannot believe how delighted I am to see you. Our friend here—I know him only as the Master, and what a towering intellect the man has—told me you would be here."

"And now the three of us are together," laughed the Master,

"the pooling of our brains together will enable us to conquer and rule the new universe I will show you."

"Conquer!" said Winston with a frown. "You said nothing about any conquest. You told me the place was totally uninhabited!"

"And so it is, my friends," said the Master soothingly. "A slip of the tongue, I assure you."

But Doctor Who, maintaining his silence, knew that the Master had not changed, that he had lied to Winston, and that there was more here than up to now he could imagine. He shook Winston by the hand, but said nothing. For now the Master was leading the way behind the side panel of the door through which Winston had come and which led, through a narrow passage, round to the rear of the circular steel door against which the Master had stood when they had first entered this place of mystery.

They stood there and, grinning, the Master showed them the rear of the door and knocked on the metal with a lever in his hand. Doctor Who heard the voice of Jo

from the other side, and darted back. She stood there, alone.

"I heard a knock," she laughed. "You were all round the back. Why don't you open the door?"

"You took the words right out of my mouth," chuckled the Master, and he went to the panel.

Who and Winston stood by him, the Doctor's face a mask of anger as he watched the hands of the villain flickering over the controls. Jo was standing close to the door and she was the first to see and to cry out. The great round steel door swung open, and into the bare room, putting the harsh electric lights to shame, came the brilliant light of a great yellow star.

She clutched Doctor Who's arm. "Look, look, it isn't possible," she cried. "That's the *world* out there. Yet it's day out there, and it's night in here. Also, behind that steel door there isn't anything..."

Doctor Who scarcely heard her. He groaned in his soul as he recalled his own endless wanderings through Time and Space. He could see

what looked like Paradise through that circle. Rich green grass, brilliant flowers and flowering trees, blue and purple mountains and the great yellow sun up in cloud-flecked sky. And then, as he watched, above the purple mountains rose another sun! That world out there was a planet of a star system which had two suns!

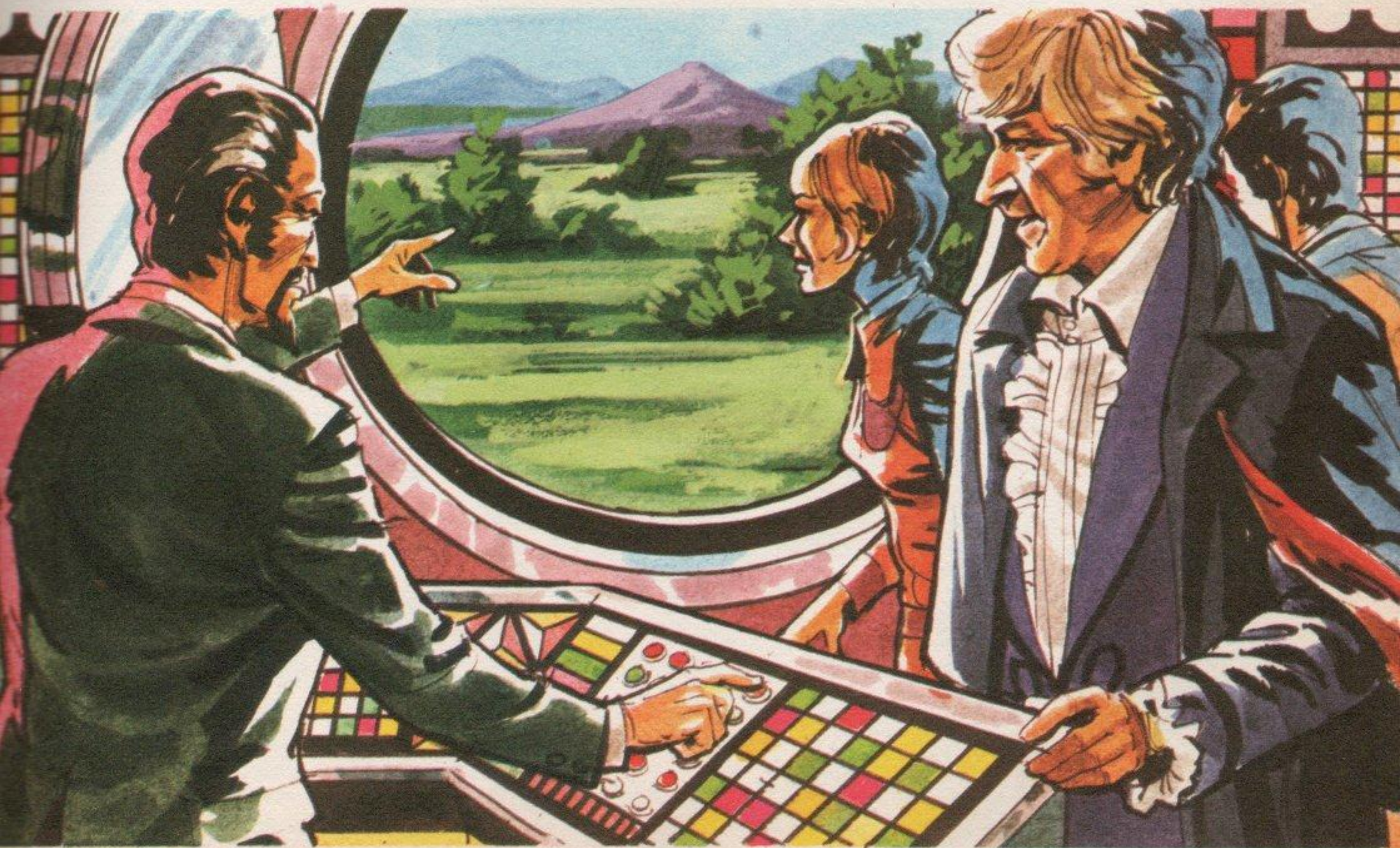
"Now will you believe?" came an exulting shout from the Master at the controls. "There is our new world. From that base we shall conquer that whole system. From Earth, in our old, outmoded mathematics, that world is millions of light-years away. One step through the Gateway and we are there. Who is to be the first to accompany me?"

"So!" said the Doctor. "At last we know. It is to be conquest? You hear that, Giles? No doubt he told you some lying poppycock about scientific exploration and so on. He led you to believe that your knowledge would expand... Look, look, Giles, over there,

The astounding achievement of landing two men on another planet is surely the greatest event in human history. To make the Apollo-11 moon landing possible, it took 24 billion dollars, the efforts of 400,000 American workers, and the services of 20,000 industrial contractors.

beside those trees under the mountains, there is a herd of animals... and there are creatures walking on two legs... dare I name them as *men*?"

He whipped round to the Master. "So now we know," he grated. "Which have you chosen? Which conquest of blood and torture, of slavery and misery, will you carry out? Will you invade that peaceful world with the terrible weapons you no doubt have ready? Or will you bring



into our Earth legions of your own from that other world, lured to our Earth by your lies of wealth and easy conquest?"

Professor Winston stood paralysed as he gazed into that new and magical world. Millions of light-years away, this strange and glittering-eyed man had said. The concept fired him to the most intense curiosity. This he must see. This he must experience. A world with two stars! Imagine the planets

of such a system. What fantastic orbits those worlds would make!

Then from his lips was torn a harsh cry of terror as across that mild and peaceful landscape soared a flock of creatures that chilled the blood in his veins. Flying dragons was the closest his mind would go. Their hideous shapes, glaring eyes and ferocious talons combined every myth of terror that Earth had ever known. Dazed and horrified, he turned and heard the voice of the Master. His old friend Doctor Who had asked the fellow a question, a question about conquest and, to Winston's horror, the Master was now replying.

The glittering weapon in his hand, the Master stood inside that other inter-dimensional world, his arm around the shoulders of the girl Doctor Who had brought and his hand clapped over her mouth.

"The choice is yours, Doctor Who," yelled the Master. "Collaborate with all my schemes or I lead the monsters from this world through the Gateway, to invade and enslave Earth."

Doctor Who stood, paralysed, and now he saw that from over by the hills the two-legged creatures he had thought were man-like, were in reality more of the flying dragons. "Jo, Jo," he howled, "I'm coming!"

He leaped for the opening, and a vivid flash of violet flame gushed from the Master's weapon. But it had given Jo her chance. Savagely she kicked back, and the Master, yelling with pain, released her, and the violet flame flashed out and round.

Outside now, Jo and Doctor Who and Winston all flung themselves to the ground. The violet ray swathed over the control panel. There came titanic flashes and rolling smoke, and the panel dripped down into molten metal.

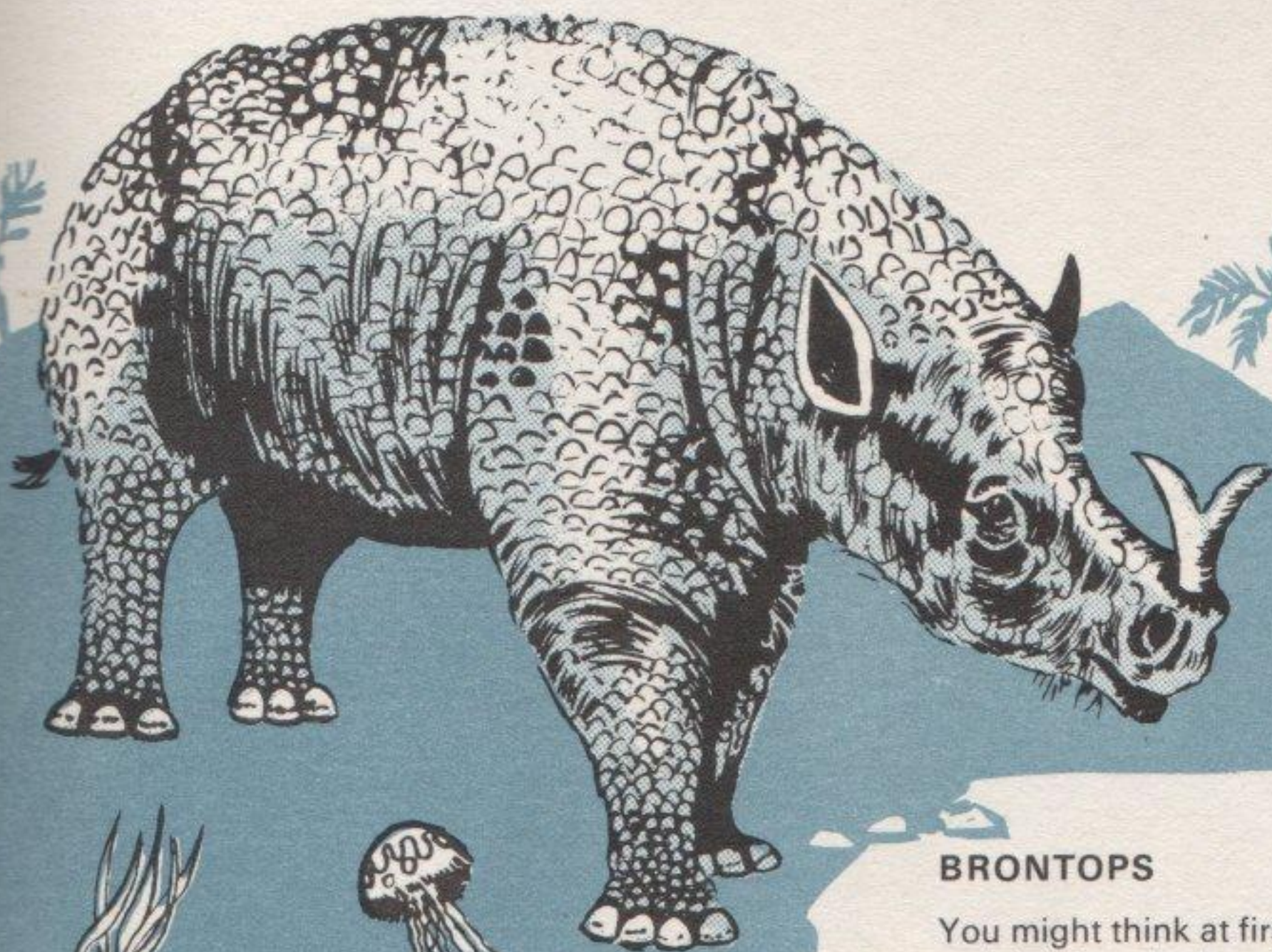
Like a dream that passes, like a cloud that breaks up and vanishes, the circular Gateway disappeared, and beyond, where they had seen the lovely landscape and the frightful flying demons, was the bare black brick of the old deserted factory.



These monsters lived long before man arrived on the scene. And it's probably a good thing, because some of them must have been extremely terrifying; they were certainly the largest animals that have ever lived on land. Dinosaurs and a great many of their relatives have been much maligned, however. The greatest danger that you might have been in would have been to be trampled underfoot by an eighty-foot long animal who hadn't seen you. Certainly, you would never have been eaten by one: they were vegetarians!

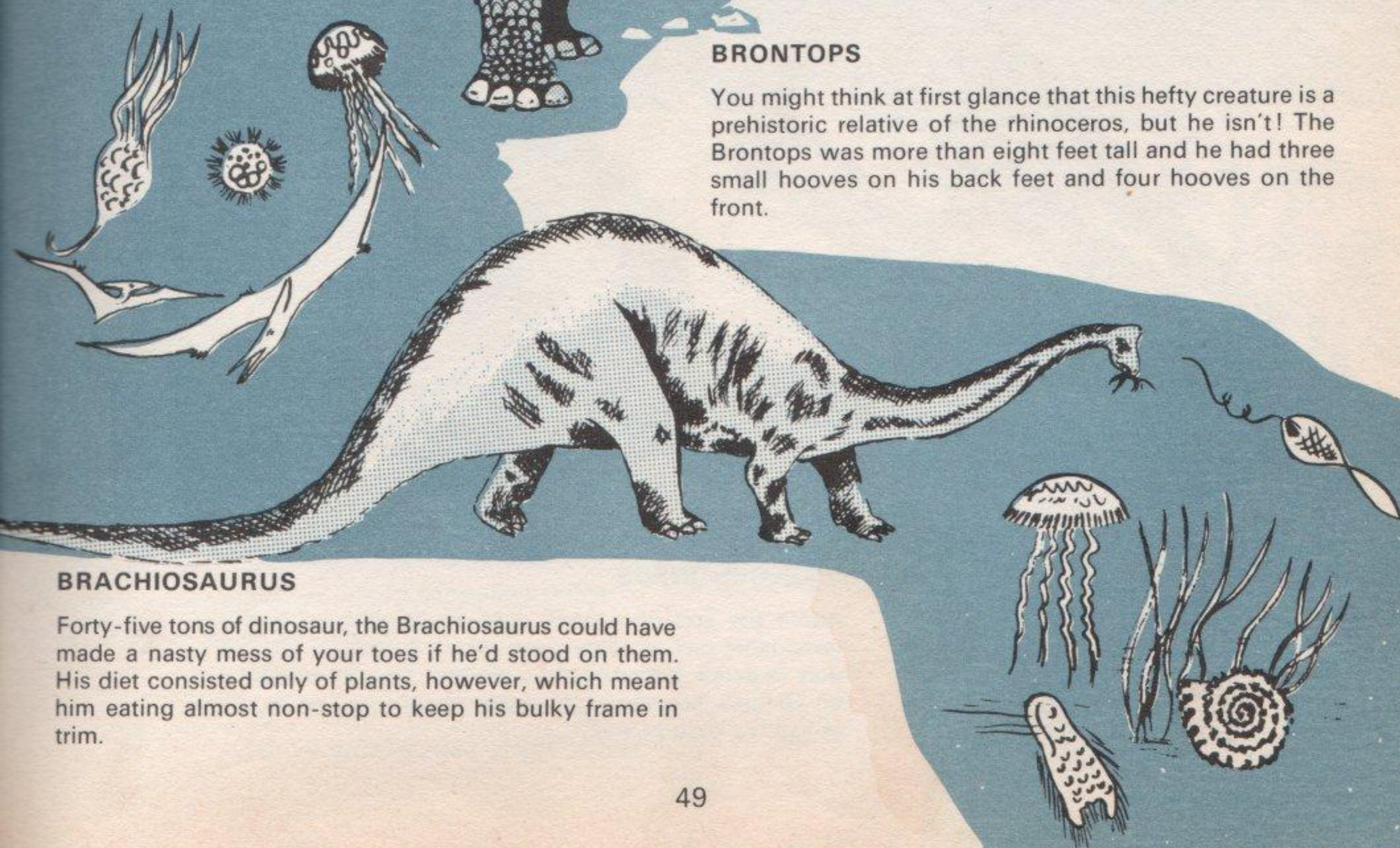
Still, some of them were pretty frightening to look at, and a few of them eventually developed quite a taste for meat. . . .

MONSTERS that really lived!



BRONTOPS

You might think at first glance that this hefty creature is a prehistoric relative of the rhinoceros, but he isn't! The Brontops was more than eight feet tall and he had three small hooves on his back feet and four hooves on the front.

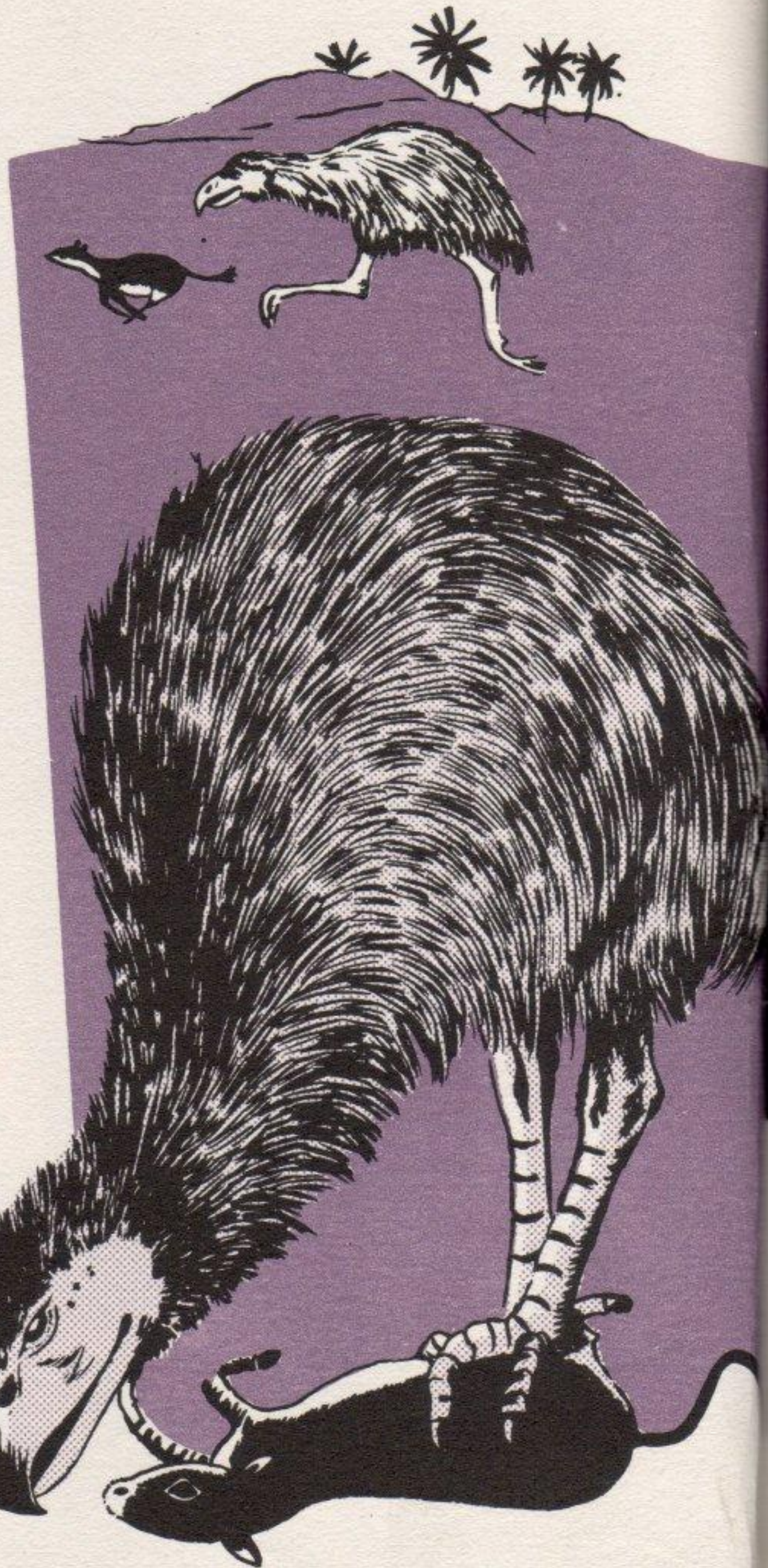


BRACHIOSAURUS

Forty-five tons of dinosaur, the Brachiosaurus could have made a nasty mess of your toes if he'd stood on them. His diet consisted only of plants, however, which meant him eating almost non-stop to keep his bulky frame in trim.

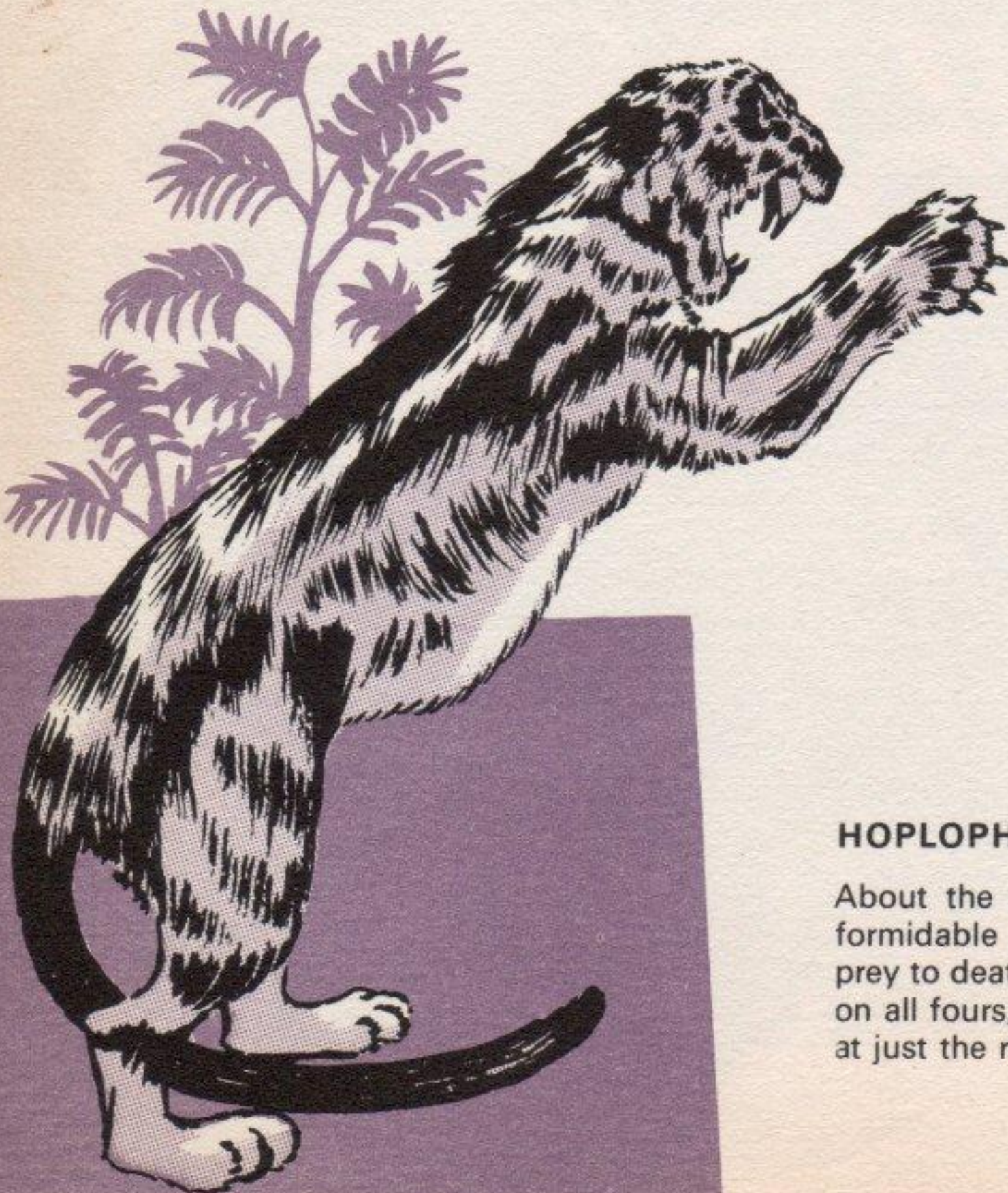
DIATRYMA

Can you imagine a bird with a head as big as a horse's head? If you can, then you've got some idea of the size of the Diatryma. It couldn't fly, but it had a very strong and powerful beak, and tough legs, which helped it in looking for food. The Diatryma was among the first meat-eaters, living on the early mammals.



HYAENODON

The Hyaeonodon was a meat-eating mammal. But he was very clumsy, which probably explains why he preyed on large slow-moving game, as well as scavenging carrion. Hyaeonodon disappeared from the earth round about the time that the first dogs and cats appeared.



HOPLOPHONEUS

About the size of a small tiger, Hoplophoneus had a formidable pair of sabre teeth which it used to stab its prey to death. It hunted like a modern-day cat, crouched on all fours, muscles tense, ready to spring on its quarry at just the right moment.

the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, how much do you know about them?



Test yourself and see . . .

1. What do astronauts eat before take-off?
 - (a) Baked beans on toast
 - (b) Snap, crackle and pop cereals
 - (c) Steak and eggs
2. How hot is the sun?
 - (a) Boiling point
 - (b) 10,300°F.
 - (c) 21,750°F.
3. The largest star we know of is Alpha Herculis, its diameter has been calculated at:
 - (a) six billion miles
 - (b) eight thousand miles
 - (c) fourteen thousand miles
4. About how many stars do you think you can see on a clear night?
 - (a) one million
 - (b) one hundred thousand
 - (c) five thousand
5. What is a tektite?
 - (a) a kind of rocket
 - (b) some kind of fuel injector
 - (c) a special kind of meteorite
6. Which star is nearest to the sun?
 - (a) Centauri
 - (b) Barnard's star
 - (c) Wolf 359

7. Which was the first rocket to land on the moon?

- (a) Apollo 9
- (b) Gemini
- (c) Lunik II

9. What is the approximate distance of our planet from the sun?

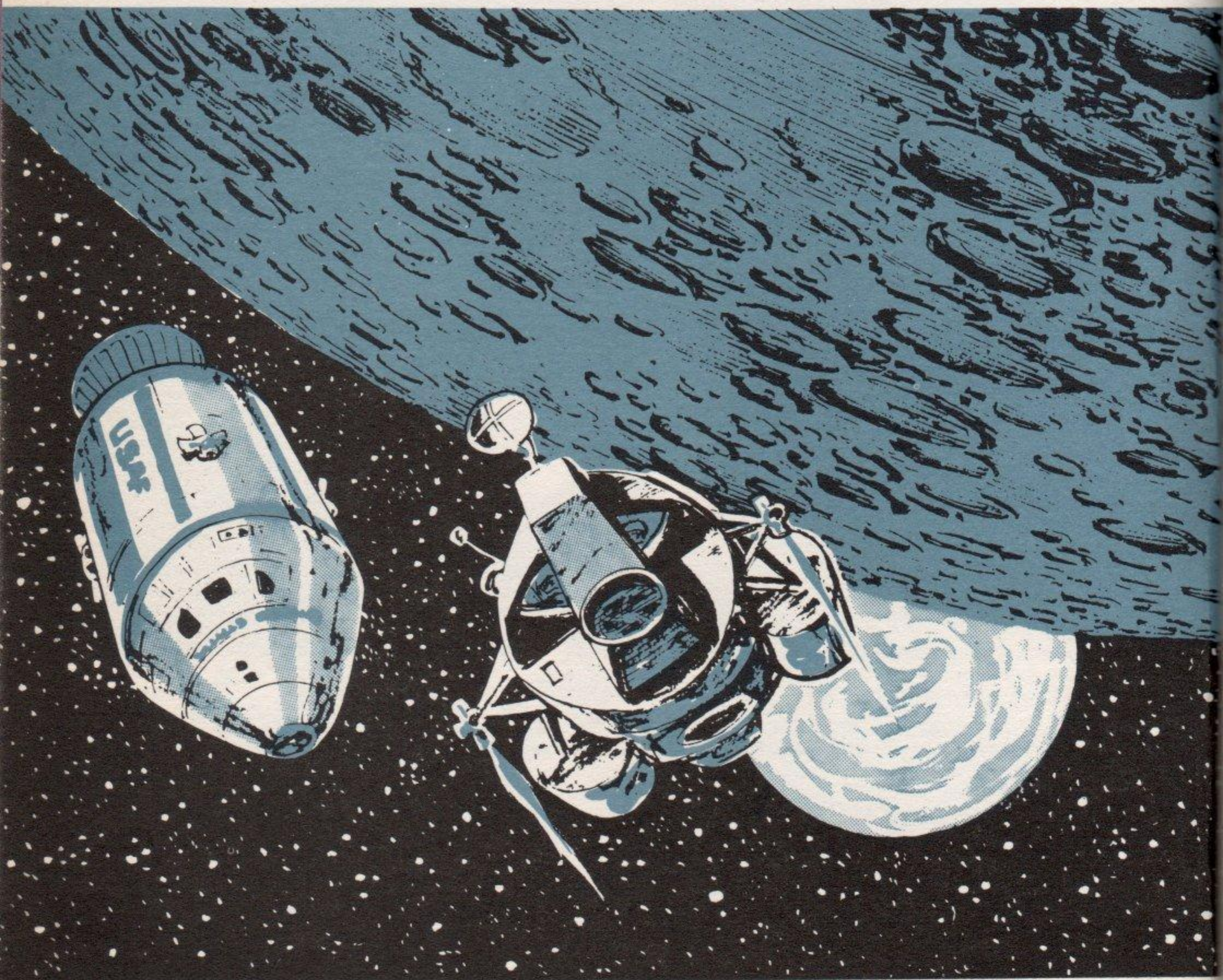
- (a) 100 million miles
- (b) 60 million miles
- (c) 93 million miles

8. What is the average speed that the moon travels around the earth?

- (a) ten m.p.h.
- (b) 2,287 m.p.h.
- (c) 1,570 m.p.h.

10. Which star is nearest to the earth, apart from the sun?

- (a) Proxima Centauri
- (b) Alpha Centauri
- (c) Procyon



ANSWERS

- 7. c. On September 12th 1959 this unmanned rocket crash landed on the moon and destroyed itself.
- 8. b. Although scientists can't agree on an exact figure, it is 4.25 light years or 25 trillion miles away.
- 10. a. It is 4.25 light years or 25 trillion miles away.

- 1. c. Because these foods are readily absorbed by the body.
- 2. b. This is on the surface, the temperature inside is probably in the region of 50,000,000°F.
- 3. a. It is 4.3 light years away.
- 4. c.
- 5. c.
- 6. a.

THE CLAW



Jo Grant leaned forward in the rear seat of the Army staff car. "Anyone mind if I let the window down?" she asked politely.

There was no reply from Dr Who. He appeared to be snoozing in a corner of the car, with his cloak drawn up around his face.

Captain Yates, who was the only other passenger, smiled his agreement. "Feeling a bit car sick, eh?" he enquired. "These Scottish roads are quite gruelling."

The girl smiled back. "No. I'm all right," she said. "It's just that I'd like to get a whiff of sea air. We must be close to the shore now, aren't we?"

Captain Yates nodded. "Oh, yes. Quite close," he said. Leaning forward, he spoke to the driver, who was a corporal. "How far now, Tibbins?" he enquired.

"Right ahead now, sir," came the reply. "Another mile and a half."

Jo took a deep breath of the heather-scented air coming through the window. "I'm going to enjoy this trip," she thought.

A banner of mist suddenly swirled across the road in front of them. "What's that?" asked Yates.

"Sea mist, sir," said Tibbins. "It often hangs around the shore."

Jo watched idly as the mist swirled towards the car. Then she stiffened. She stared with disbelief. For the mist was taking shape—the shape of a huge claw, like that of a lobster or a crab.

The driver must have seen it too, for he gave a muttered exclamation and began to apply the brakes. "What the dickens . . ."

"I don't believe it!" gasped Captain Yates. "Pull up, Tibbins."

But it was too late. The claw of mist was already swooping down at the staff car. The hooked toes opened, ready to grasp.

Jo ducked away in a reflexive movement, while Tibbins hauled at the wheel and trod on the brakes.

They lurched into a skid, with

tyres screaming. There was a crunch of metal above their heads, and the car was pitched to one side as if from a blow.

Miraculously, it did not overturn. Ploughing through a screen of whin bushes, it came to a bumping halt. Dazed and shaken, they all scrambled from the car.

Dr Who was openly bewildered. "What—what *is* going on?" he asked. "Did we meet a cow on the road?"

"Not a cow—a claw!" gasped Jo.

Captain Yates was staring at the mist about the car. "No sign of it now," he exclaimed.

The Doctor frowned. "A claw? And you both saw it?"

Yates nodded. "I can't explain it, Doctor. It—it was just as if the mist itself took the shape of a huge lobster-claw . . . I suppose it may have been a sort of illusion."

"It was no illusion, sir," called the driver, who had been checking the damage to the staff car. He was pointing to the roof. "I'd say the claw just nipped us as we swerved."

They all stared at the marks on the roof—long, straight dents, as if made by a sharp instrument.

Tibbins took off his side-cap and scratched his head. "Nothing else could have made those marks, sir. Not trees around," he pointed out.

Captain Yates gave a worried nod. "I agree. But—" he went on, turning to the Doctor with an appealing look: "well, what do *you* make of it, Doctor?"

The other pursed his lips and shrugged. "Well, since I did not actually *see* this—er—claw . . ."

"You *would* have, if you hadn't been snoozing in the corner," chided Jo.

He gave her a patronising glance. "My dear Jo, although I

had my eyes closed, I was far from asleep," he said. "I was thinking out a rather complex wiring device for the *Tardis*."

Tibbins had slid behind the driving wheel to try the engine. It hummed into life, and he began backing out onto the road. They climbed in and drove on.

The mist had vanished now, and suddenly the Atlantic was below them, sparkling in the autumn sun.

Yates turned to the Doctor. "Do you think this—er—claw, whatever it was, might have something to do with the disappearances?" he asked.





The other held one hand up before him, and began to tick off on his slender white fingers. "Well, let's run over the facts again, shall we?" he invited. "First, the Defence Department chooses that island I can see across the water as a remote place in which to test out a vital new weapon. Second, a special security force is brought in, and Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart is placed in charge. Third, two of your men disappear. Four, the Brigadier decides to invite me to the island to solve the mystery. And five—"

"And five—the claw!" said Jo.

"Ah yes." The Doctor fingered his long chin thoughtfully. "Mist that formed itself into a claw. A claw that nips. And since you all saw it—and in view of the marks on the car roof— I cannot dispute it. Neither can I explain it—yet. But I shall certainly take it into my calculations."

The staff car was gliding towards a small concrete jetty, when a uniformed figure appeared in the road. He held an automatic rifle, and was waving them to a halt.

"One of the Project Guards," said Captain Yates. He showed his special pass to the man, who waved them through.

As they got out of the car, Jo saw that a naval launch was waiting at the jetty. Captain Yates led the way down a flight of stone steps, and received the salute of a waiting seaman as he stepped on board. Dr Who and Jo followed, leaving Tibbins behind to garage the staff car.

At that moment, a voice blared at them with the force of a foghorn. "Ahoy, there! Is it to the island you would be going now?"

Everyone stared in surprise towards the far end of the jetty. The stumpy figure of a man was

just emerging from a small, open shelter made of concrete, and obviously intended for fishermen.

"Ah! Now that *must* be a native of these parts," said Dr Who, with sudden interest. "A genuine Scot, eh, Captain?"

Yates was scrambling back up the stone steps. "He may be a genuine Scot, but what in thunder is he doing in a restricted area?" he grumbled.

The stranger was a weather-beaten old man dressed in tartan trews, a stained tweed jacket and tam o'shanter. He sported a grey beard which gave him a fierce expression that matched his raucous voice.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Yates.

The others heard the reply through the foghorn: "MacFee. And if it's for Inishgrian you are going, then I would like to come, for I have some lobster pots there."

There was a pause. The listeners could almost hear Yates swallowing hard to restrain his annoyance. "Now see here, Mr MacFee," he said, "this jetty is a restricted area. How did you get past the guard?"

"The guard?" MacFee puzzled for a moment. Then his face cleared. "Och! Ye mean yon laddie with the shotgun? Aye, I noticed him as I came past . . . I came to get my punt and row out to check my lobster pots."

Yates cut him off, almost spluttering with vexation: "You—you've got lobster pots off the island?"

"I told you. Aye. Did ye not hear me?" said MacFee. "But my punt has drifted away. So if ye'd take me with you, I shall be using another punt I have on Inishgrian."

The officer seemed to grow a shade redder about the ears. "Now, see here, MacFee," he said. "The island is now a restricted area. That means nobody is allowed on it, except authorised personnel."

The old Scot glowered back at the angry officer. "I have been fishing for lobsters off Inishgrian all my life," he said.

"Maybe," snapped Yates, "but you can't now."

MacFee turned on his heels and stumped away without another word.

Yates spoke to the staff-car driver, who was still waiting on the jetty. "Tibbins. Just see to it that the old idiot leaves the area. And tell the guard his job is to stop people coming near here."

As Yates came aboard the launch, still fuming, Dr Who watched him with a look of amusement. "A very determined old character, eh, Captain?" he asked.

The other scowled. "He'll find that we're determined, too," he muttered.

The launch made a fast crossing to the island. It was a place of wild, rocky charm. The slow Atlantic breakers broke over the craggy shoreline.

At the landing place, a party of Project Guards waited to check



the credentials of the arrivals, and lead them to the headquarters building.

Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart rose to greet them as they entered his office. "Ah, Doctor! Hello, Miss Grant. I'm glad that you're here."

Yates gave him a keen glance. "More trouble, sir?"

The Brigadier nodded. "Another man has vanished," he admitted.

"In broad daylight?" exclaimed Yates.

"Well, there was a bit of sea mist at the time," began Lethbridge Stewart.

"Mist?" It was Jo who echoed

the word, but she saw at a glance that she was only voicing the Doctor's reaction.

Yates failed to notice the glance. He was frowning at his superior. "It's incredible, sir. After we had the security patrols doubled—"

The Brigadier cut in with: "Well, we can't go on losing men, Yates. I'm double-checking our security myself right now. And I want you to show the Doctor anything he wants."

As they left the Project building, Captain Yates said briskly: "I dare say you would like to see this top-secret weapon we're testing, eh, Doctor?"

The other shook his head. "I

don't think that's really necessary at this stage," he said. "But am I correct in presuming that you use a rather—er—crude form of atomic power for your project?"

Yates gave him a sharp glance. "How did you know that?"

Dr Who shrugged. "A simple deduction . . . May I see where the power comes from?"

"Certainly." Yates turned and led the way along a path that had been newly metalled for transport. He marched briskly. The Doctor followed a few paces behind, and Jo fell in step beside him. "Do you

think these disappearances are connected with the mist—and with what happened to us in the car?" she said in a low voice.

He answered, quietly: "Yes, Jo. The only question in my mind is—was it really sea-mist, or some sort of emanation?"

"Emanation?" Jo was plainly puzzled. But before her companion could say more, they had come in sight of a bubble-shaped building on a height above the sea.

"We keep the power packs in there," said Yates, as he waited for them to catch up.

Two Project guards approached. Again Yates had to show papers. As they walked on, he said: "You see how tightly our security works, Doctor?"

"Hm? Uh?" The other looked absently at his guide, as if he had not heard.

Before Yates could repeat his remark, a white-coated technician came running out of the Power House. He caught sight of Yates, and waved. "I don't know what's going on around here, Captain," he exclaimed. "But another of the power packs seems to be missing."

Yates stiffened. "Seems to be missing? What do you mean, Saunders?" he demanded.

The technician hesitated. "Well . . . the output began to drop, and when I checked the power packs—"

"One was missing?"

The other shook his head. "No. But it—somehow it had been drained. Just like that. In a couple of minutes. While my back was turned."

Yates strode towards the door. "I want to see," he snapped. "Coming, Doctor?" To Jo's surprise, the scientist said mildly: "No, thank you. I believe I'd like to stroll by the sea for a while."

Yates gave him a quick glance, and ran into the building. As the other two walked on, Jo said: "This is hardly the time for taking the sea air, is it, Doctor?"

He gave her a patronising look, and began to climb down towards a small cove. "Patience, Jo," he chided. "I don't think we're dealing with any common thief." He came to a sudden stop and held up a warning hand.

Joe stepped quietly to his side, and looked down into the cove. A small boat was bobbing on the water as the man inside it leaned over to haul on a rope. "It's MacFee!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

The Doctor drew her into cover behind a projecting rock.

Jo hissed: "But how did he get out here?"

Dr Who did not reply. He was bending forward to watch what



MacFee was pulling from the water. "Well, I suppose that *is* a genuine lobster pot, isn't it?" he asked his companion.

Jo nodded. "Of course it is. But—" She gave up trying to understand the Doctor's interest, and stood watching the old Scot place the lobster pot across the bow of the boat. Then he cut the rope, tossed it back into the water, and, picking up a pair of oars, began to row back into the cove.

As MacFee landed on the beach, and carried the pot ashore, Dr Who touched his companion on the arm. "Come. I think it's time we had a word with this mystery man," he said.

He strode down onto the sand. MacFee did not hear the crunch of feet in the sand till it was too late. By that time, the Doctor and Jo could see that the old man was placing some crystals inside the lobster pot.

"Well, Mr MacFee, so it isn't

lobsters you're interested in at all, eh?" quizzed the scientist.

MacFee spun round. The pleasant lilt of his Highland accent became sharp-edged with anger. "Ah, so it is yourself, is it? Well, you interfere with me at your own peril."

Dr Who came a step closer. "Those crystals? I believe they contain the power you just drained from the power-pack" he began.

But the other man threw up his hands. A strangled gasp of disbelief escaped Jo's lips as his outline blurred. Then his whole body seemed to swim before her eyes. "The mist!" she gasped.

There was no sign of MacFee now. In the spot where he had stood swirled a growing bank of sea mist. Dr Who sprang towards it.

"No!" The cry was torn from Jo's pale lips. "Doctor, look out! It's turning into the claw."

Just as before, the mist had

formed itself into a giant lobster's claw. It swooped towards the Doctor, who grappled with it.

Before Jo could rush to help, the mist had closed around the struggling figure . . .

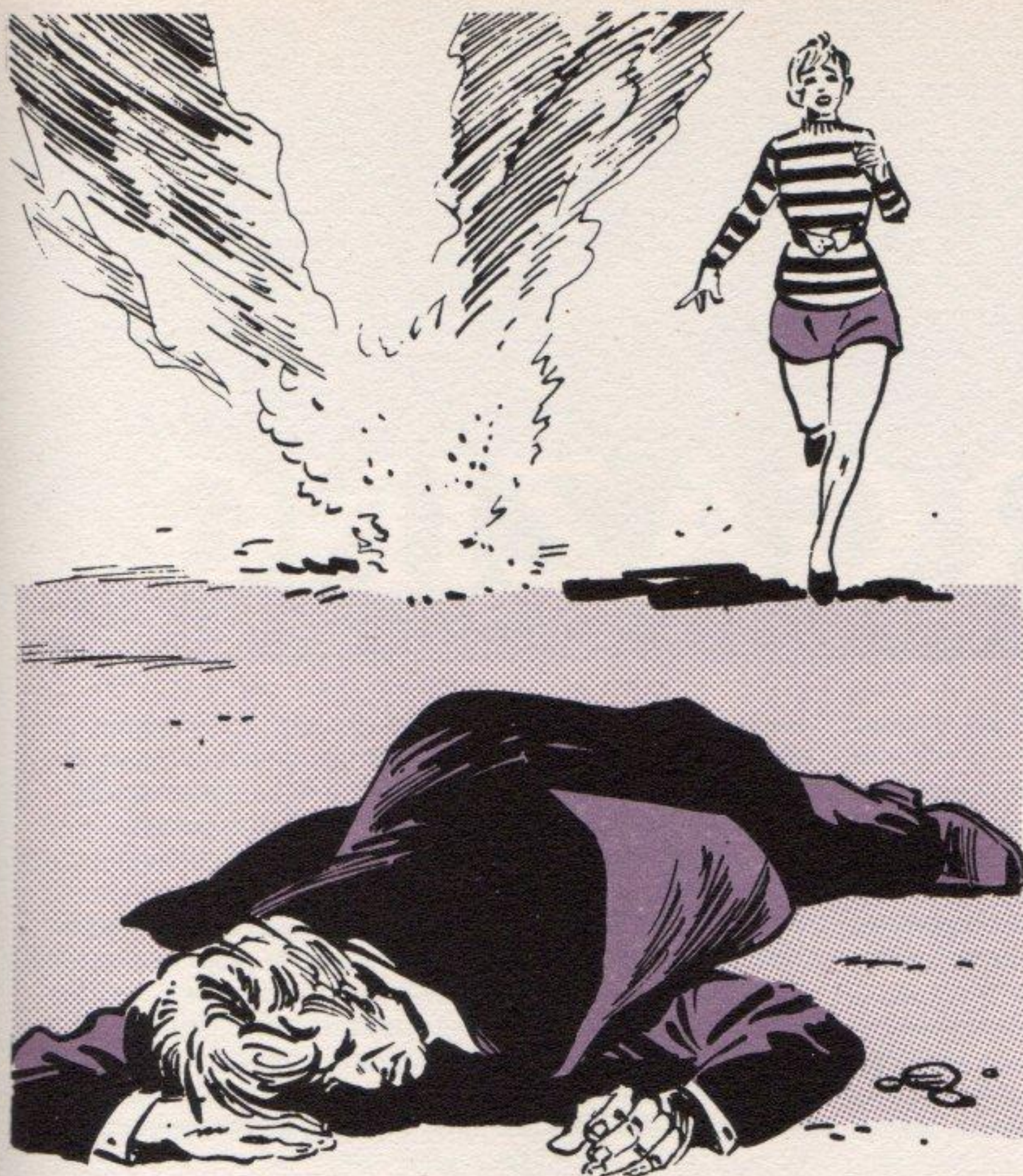
Dr Who fought his way through a vortex of dark shadows as he regained his senses. He struggled to his feet and stared around. He was inside some kind of—space-ship? Facing him was a gleaming console of instruments, whose design was unknown to him. His scientific curiosity took the upper hand, and he stepped closer to examine the instruments panel.

"You like my ship, eh, Dr Who?" said a thin, hissing voice behind him.

He turned quickly. At the far end of the ship, sprawled on the gleaming metal floor and waving its claws and antennae at him, was a lobster.

"Your ship? Oh yes, quite interesting, MacFee," said the





Doctor calmly. "Although I could suggest one or two improvements. This gravity field selector, for example—"

"I need no advice from you!" The lobster snapped its claws in vexation.

Dr Who shrugged. "As you wish," he said. Then, glancing up at the curved walls, he added: "I presume we are inside the lobster pot?"

"Correct. I needed to disguise it. And a lobster pot is such a common object in these parts," said the creature.

Dr Who nodded thoughtfully. "I also presume that your sudden change in appearance means that you are a being of unstable molecular structure?"

"Right again," came the reply. "I was on a flight from my own planet, when I lost power and had to land. Fortunately, I found a power source quite handy on the island, so I have been building up reserves."

The Doctor glanced towards a glowing, transparent bubble, with racks of crystals inside it. "You drained the power packs and stored the power in your own crystals, eh?"

"Of course."

"And the missing men?"

The creature hissed: "They tried to stop me. I liquidated them . . . But when I discovered that you had been brought to this place to seek me out, I was forced to try and stop you."

Dr Who permitted himself a brief smile. "You know about me, then?"

"As a Time Traveller, your story is contained in the recorded annals of our galaxy," said the creature. "It was from the *Tardis*—your own ship that looks like a police-box—that I got the idea of making my ship look like a lobster pot . . . So now you will be forced to travel with me, because my ship is all ready to leave."

As Dr Who watched, the

creature suddenly changed form. MacFee stood before him now, and the old Scot turned towards the instrument panel with a chuckle. "For we'll take the high road," he said.

It was then that the Doctor exploded into action. He made a dive for the glowing bubble, and before the other could stop him, he had thrust across the terminals a piece of bent wire that his groping fingers had fished from his pocket.

The whole ship seemed to explode into showers of sparks. Acrid fumes billowed around the figure of MacFee as he leaped towards the bubble.

The Doctor was also leaping—but in the opposite direction, towards the open hatch that he had spotted behind the lobster. As he flung himself out, he seemed to be caught up in a giant explosion, and hurled head-over-heels . . .

He was lying face-down on the beach, his face in the sand. He struggled to his feet, and heard Jo's glad cry: "Doctor!"

As he climbed to his feet, he saw the smouldering remains of the lobster pot nearby.

Jo flew to greet him. "Oh, thank goodness you're safe!" she gasped. "What happened? Where did you go?"

The Doctor gave her a smile. "I'll try and explain later," he promised. "But do you think you can spare me another of your hair-pins? I find it very handy to have one in my pocket. They can be used for all sorts of things—even escaping from a lobster pot!"

The network of communications needed to track orbiting satellites is of vital importance in space programmes. America has a worldwide network of ground stations, which includes both fixed ground stations and ships. The nerve centre of the network is the Goddard Space Flight Centre, near Washington.

STAR GAZING

Man has been fascinated by the stars since earliest times. For hundreds of years he has gazed up into the black sky only to see thousands of glittering points of light. What are they?

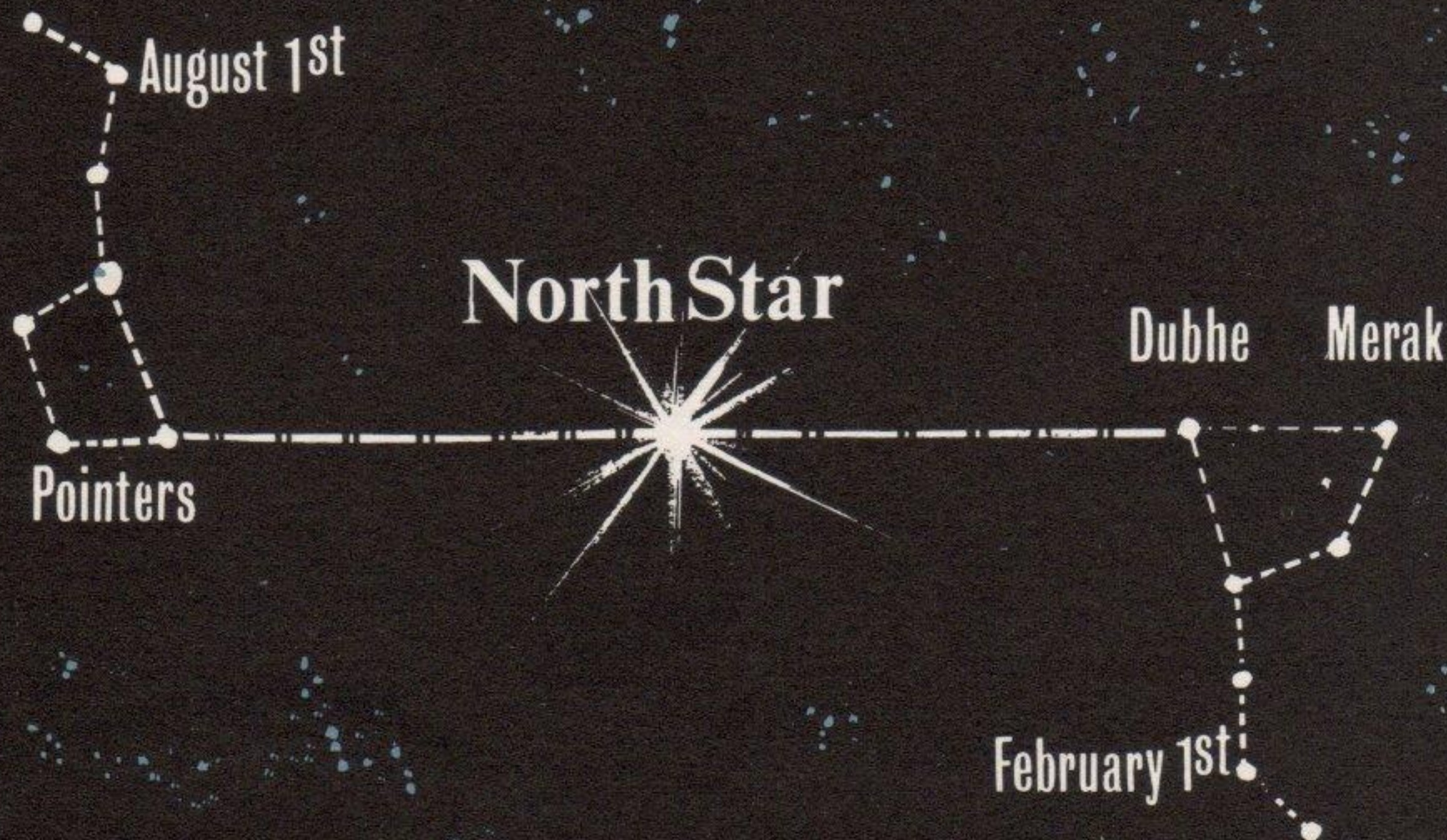
Stars are really enormous balls of gases, thousands of miles thick. Although the stars look like tiny dots from down here on earth, many of them are bigger than the earth, and our nearest star neighbour is twenty billion miles away!

Although we can only see the stars at night, they are in the sky all through the day. We cannot see them during the day because the light of the sun is much stronger and brighter than the light of the stars.

Over many centuries of star gazing, Man began to realise that the stars were not scattered haphazardly over the sky—some of them formed definite groups. The same groups were always found in the same part of the sky at the same time of the year, and these groups were called *constellations*.

As the years passed, the star-watchers, or astronomers, as they were called, discovered more and more about the stars; they realised that the sun is only one medium-sized star among thousands of planets, and that the earth is a small planet circling the sun.

Would you like to try some simple experiments to prove the facts discovered by the early astronomers?



LOCATING THE NORTH STAR

For more than a thousand years mariners and sailors guided their ships by a bright star that is almost exactly in line with the North Pole: the North Star.

Since the invention of the compass mariners have no longer had to navigate by the North Star, but it's a useful thing to be able to identify it in an emergency, especially if you happen to be in the middle of the ocean with a broken compass!

Here's how *you* can find the North Star:

Go out of doors on a clear, cloudless night when there's no moon, and stand away from street lights, etc. Look towards the North—you may need a compass if you're not sure where North is—until you see a group

of seven stars that look like points along a plough with a curved handle. This constellation is called the Plough, or Ursa Major (Great Bear).

You should see that the front end of the plough is made up of two stars, Dubhe at the top and Merak at the bottom. These two stars are called the Pointers, for if you draw an imaginary line across the sky from Merak to Dubhe, and continue the line for a distance about four times the space between the Pointers, you will arrive at the bright star we are looking for—the North Star.

You may well be asking, "What's the use of being able to find the North Star?" Well, for one thing it will help you in the next experiment. . . .

CALENDAR IN THE STARS

You'll need a little equipment for this: a large piece of strong paper and a pair of drawing compasses.

Draw a circle about ten inches in diameter and divide the circle into twelve equal parts, like the hour divisions on a clock. Starting at the twelve o'clock position, mark the line with the month of March. Then carry on marking in an *anti-clockwise* direction, so that April is at the eleven o'clock position, May is at the ten o'clock position, and so on.

When you've done this, mark the centre of the circle 'North Star', and you're ready to begin.

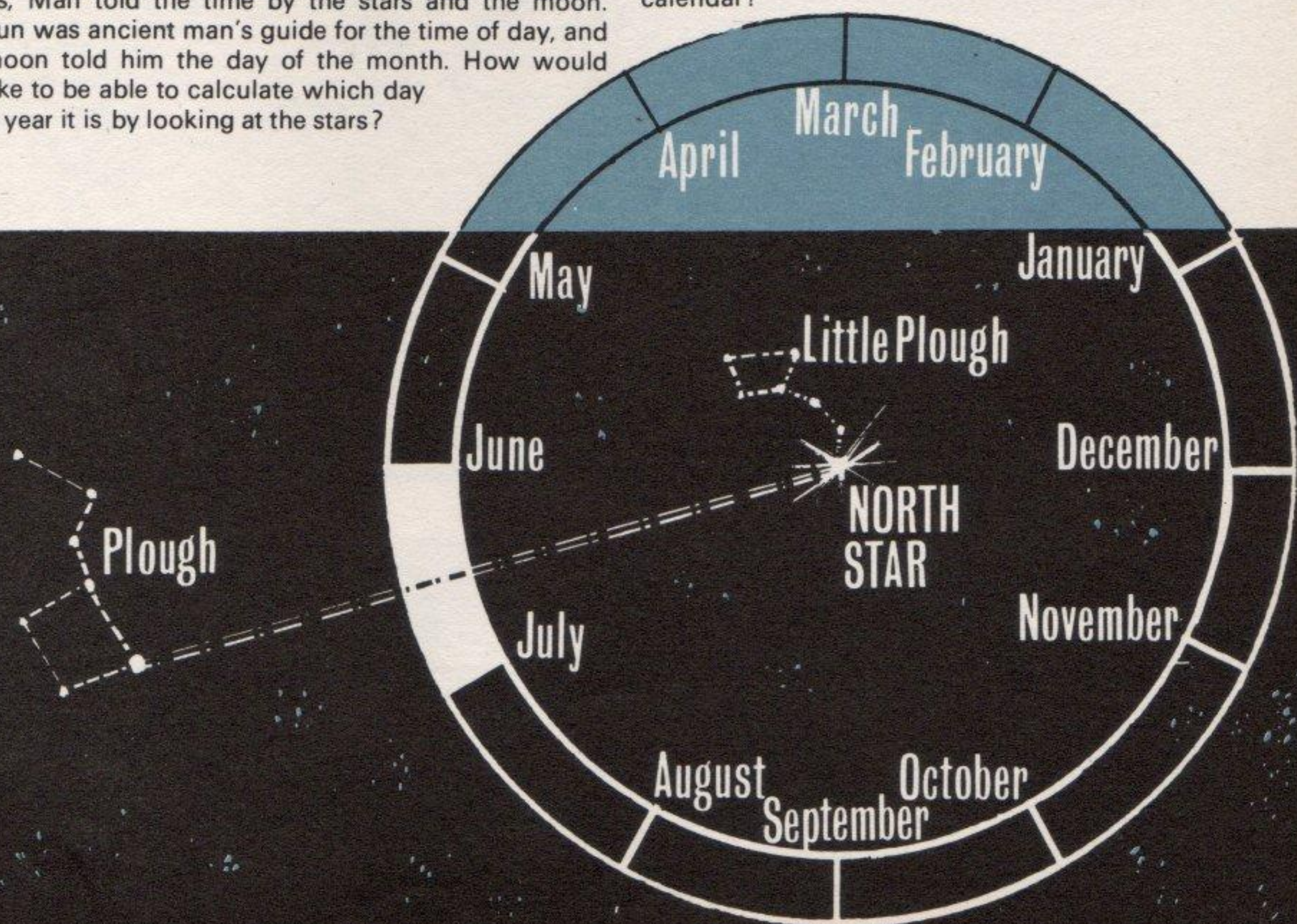
Go out of doors with your diagram on a clear night at midnight—make sure your parents know about it first! For thousands of years, long before the invention of clocks, Man told the time by the stars and the moon. The sun was ancient man's guide for the time of day, and the moon told him the day of the month. How would you like to be able to calculate which day of the year it is by looking at the stars?

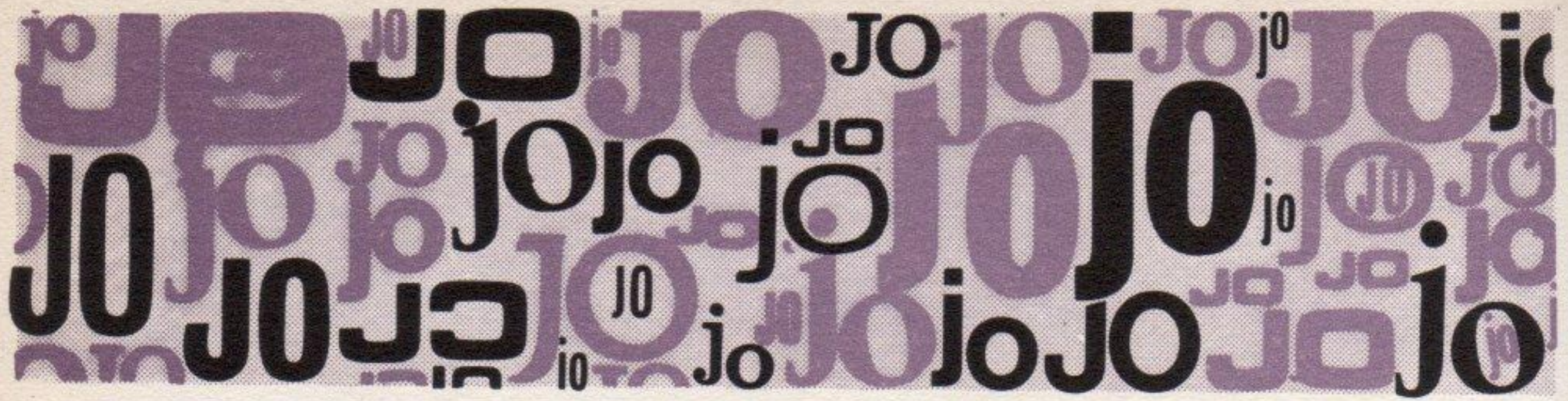
Hold the diagram so that March is at the top, and imagine the diagram in the sky, with the North Star as the centre.

Look at the location of the Plough and copy the constellation onto your diagram. Now draw a straight line from the Pointers to the North Star.

The line will pass through the circle—this will tell you the month. Imagine that each month is sub-divided into thirty divisions, and this line will tell you the date. For example, if the line passed halfway between June and July, as in the diagram, the date is about June 15th and if the line passed about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way from April to May, then it is about April 20th.

This method of finding out the date may be a little complicated, but it's more fun than just looking at a calendar!



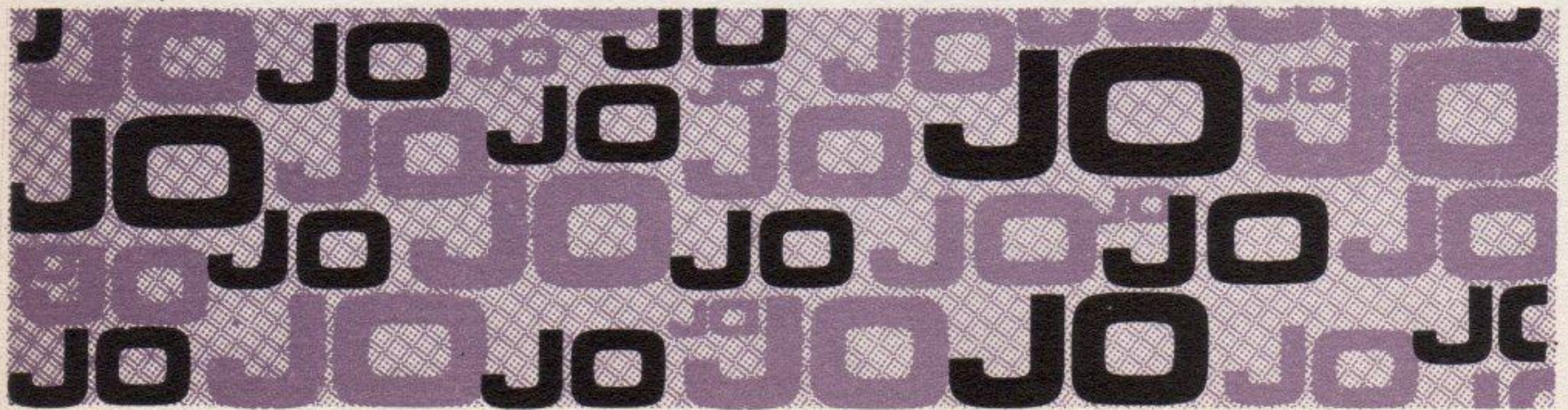
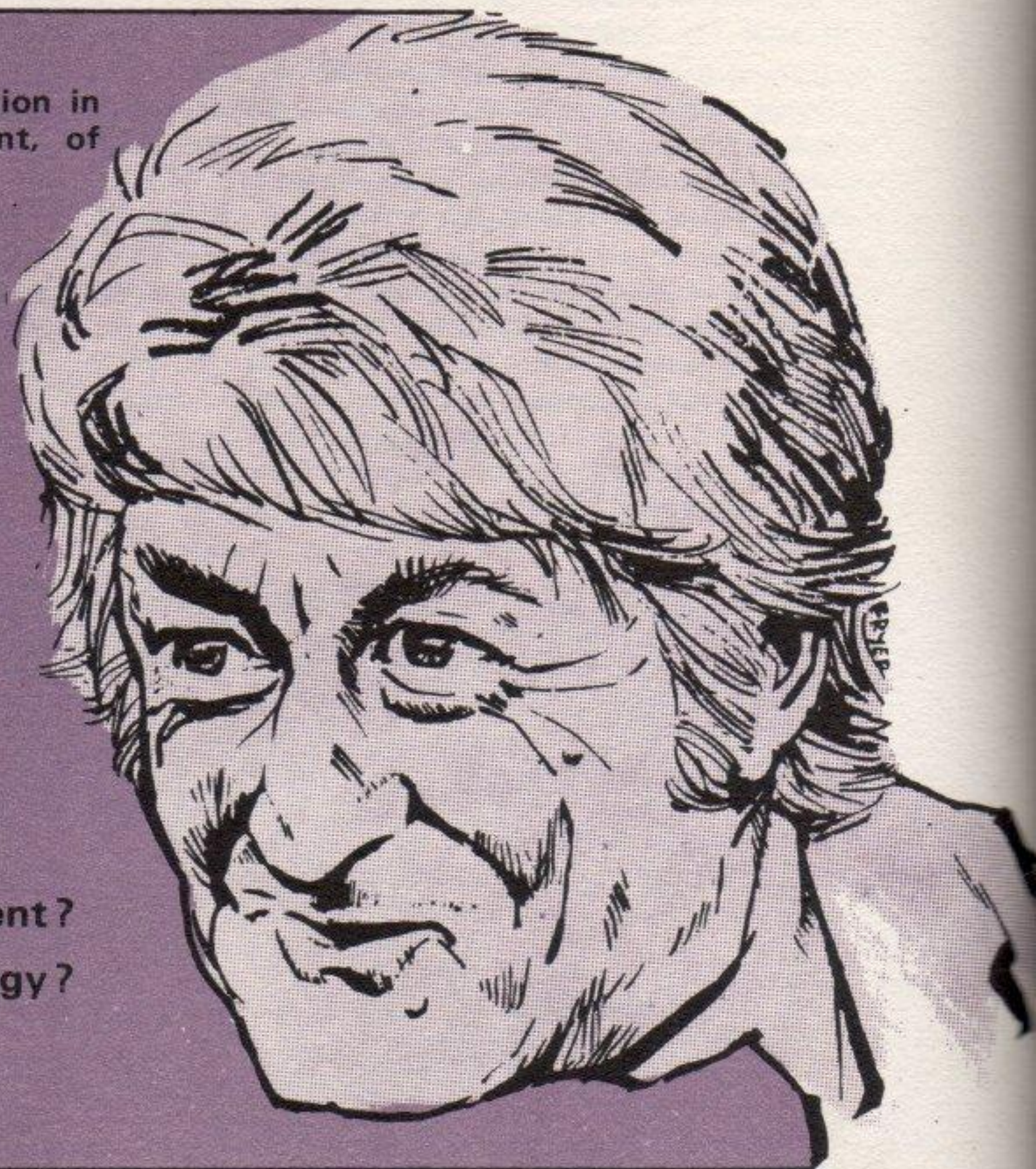


A Jingle of Joes...

Who is the Jo who is Dr. Who's companion in many of his adventures? Why, Jo Grant, of course! But do you know:

1. A jo who rides a horse?
2. A jo who is a kangaroo?
3. A jo that is glad?
4. A jo that makes you laugh?
5. A jo that riders wear?
6. A jo that is a flower?
7. A jo that brings bad luck?
8. A jo that is part of the face?
9. A jo that writes the news?
10. A jo that is a medieval tournament?
11. A jo that is a unit of work or energy?

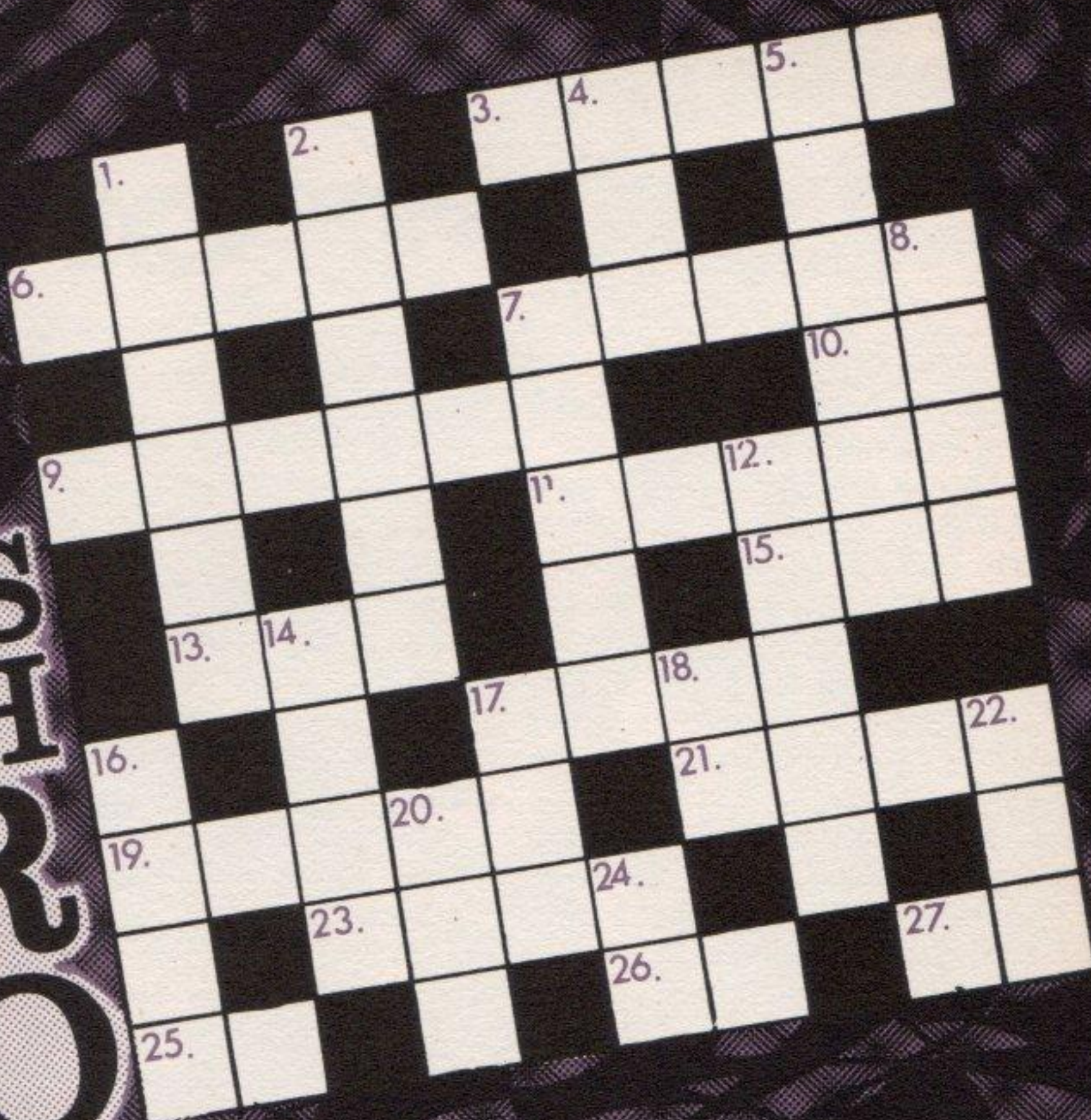
Now check your answers.



ANSWERS

1. Jockey; 2. Joey; 3. Joy or Jolly; 4. Joke; 5. Jodhpurs; 6. Jonquil; 7. Jonah; 8. Jowl; 9. Journalist; 10. Joust; 11. Joule.

WORDS WITH DR WHO



CLUES

Across

- 3 'Light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation'—somewhat simplified! (5)
 6 Arch-enemy of Dr Who—looks more like a salt cellar! (5)
 7 Third letter of the Greek alphabet, also a ray (5)
 9 Newspaper chief? (6)
 10 Spanish for *He* (2)
 11 To heap up or hoard (5)
 13 What we revolve around (3)
 15 Which doctor? (3)
 17 Mount . . . , an active volcano (4)
 19 Not telling the truth, and certainly not standing up! (5)
 21 Dr Who, the . . . traveller (4)
 23 To put in your kit? (4)
 25 "Will . . . no come back again?" as Jamie might have sung (2)
 26 Mr Capone (2)
 27 Not Mr Who, but . . . Who (2)

Down

- 1 The travelling police box (6)
 2 Sergeant (6)
 4 A Jewish name, or the Amateur Swimming Association (3)
 5 To entangle or trap (6)
 7 Jo , colleague of Dr Who (5)
 8 As well as (4)
 12 Be ready for a heavy visitor (5)
 14 Law enforcement friends of Dr Who (4)
 16 A friend in war (4)
 17 Self (3)
 18 New Testament—abbreviation (2)
 20 Either or, neither . . . (3)
 22 Hearing device (3)
 24 French for *the*—feminine (2)

ANSWERS

Across
 3. Laser; 6. Dalek; 7. Gamma; 9. Editor; 10. Ei; 11. Amass; 13. Sun; 15. Who; 17. Etna; 19. Lying; 21. Time; 23. Tool; 25. Ye; 26. Ai; 27. Dr.
 Down
 1. Tardis; 2. Benton; 4. Asa; 5. Enmesh; 7. Grant; 8. Also; 12. Await; 14. Unit; 16. Ally; 17. Ego; 18. NT; 20. Nor; 22. Ear; 24. La.

Saucer of fate

It came whirling from a clear blue sky. Something flat and circular that caught the sun's rays as it spun to earth.

Farmer John Breen caught sight of it as he was ploughing his two-acre field on the Cotswold slopes. He braked to a halt, and leaned forward in his seat, shading his keen grey eyes against the dazzle. "Now what in thunder . . . ?" he muttered. "Never thought I'd see a flying saucer!"

There was more than a hint of sarcasm in his remark, for Breen prided himself on being a very hard-headed countryman. He had always received reports of unidentified flying objects with great scepticism . . .

Still, he could not dispute the evidence of his own eyes now. Something *had* just spun out of the sky, and seemed to have landed in the flat rock outcrop known as Druid's Table, just a couple of fields away.

He left the tractor, and walked to the spot. Even as he swung his hobnailed boots over the last fence, he could see the object. It lay glittering in the middle of Druid's Table. He approached it cautiously. It was a flat disc with a diameter of about two feet. In the centre was an opening, from which there seemed to be a faint glow that pulsed.

Could it be something dropped from a passing plane, wondered Breen? Or a meteorological device?

Cautiously he touched it with his boot . . . then picked it up. He tried to peer into the opening, but the light that pulsed inside only pained his eyes.

Holding his find carefully in both hands, he made his way back to the farmhouse. His wife was away shopping, so he left the object on the table while he made two phone calls. One was to the police,

the other to his nephew Ernest, who was a reporter on the local newspaper.

The police did not check out the farmer's report of a flying saucer until a couple of hours later. They had their hands full with an attempted bank holdup, and a big traffic jam on the holiday route. And when they finally reached the farmhouse, a puzzled Mrs Breen told them she had arrived home to find the front door open, and a note on the table from Ernest to say that he was taking the 'flying saucer' to the UNIT headquarters. She had no idea where her husband was, although she'd noticed he'd left the tractor in the middle of the Big Field . . .

Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart put down the telephone receiver, and turned a puzzled face towards Dr Who. "That was the Coltsfield police," he said. "They've had a report that a farmer picked up a flying saucer in his fields, and has since disappeared. But the object is being brought to us for examination by some reporter johnny."

The Doctor sat up in his chair, his eyes suddenly alert. "Coltsfield? But that's only a few miles away, isn't it?" he queried. "Should this man be here by now."

It was Jo Grant who answered. She had been standing at the window of the Brigadier's office, enjoying the view of meadows and woods beyond the high security fences that surrounded this UNIT base. "I think you'd better both have a look at this," she said.

They came to the window and looked over her shoulder as she pointed. On the road that led past the main gates of the base, a small open sports car was parked.

"It stopped there about two minutes ago," she explained. "I



could see there was just one man in it, and he seemed to be pulling off his tie. Then I glanced away for a second at a heron flying past, and when I glanced back at the car—the man was gone. I couldn't believe he could slip out of the car and vanish that quickly—so I've been waiting for him to reappear."

The Brigadier frowned. He shaded his eyes against the sun's glare. "Isn't there some sort of card stuck in the windscreen?" he pondered. "Wait, I'll get my



field-glasses."

As he focused the glasses, the others heard him grunt with satisfaction. "Ah! Yes! It says 'Press'. It's one of those cards that these reporters use to get them a bit of priority when they're on a story."

Dr Who was staring from the window with a fixed unblinking look. "Hm. I think we'd better get down there, Brigadier," he murmured. "There's a metal, saucer-like object lying on the backseat."

The Brigadier's car was in

Transport Section, being serviced. But the Doctor's strange car was handily parked near the door, so they climbed in and drove out towards the main gate.

The sportster was still empty when they reached it. As they climbed from Dr Who's car, Jo noticed that the Press notice also bore the name of Ernest Breen, Staff Reporter, Coltsfield Chronicle.

The Doctor and the Brigadier were staring into the deserted car, at the object which still pulsed

with a faint glow.

The UNIT chief poked it with his cane. "Dashed odd, isn't it?" he exclaimed. "Probably some new device being tried out by our meteorological chaps."

The scientist nodded with keen interest. He turned as Jo drew his attention to the dashboard, which was powdered with dust from driving on the dry roads. "Look, Doctor," she said. "There's some lettering scrawled in the dust. It says 'Don't T—' and then breaks off!"

Dr Who reacted like lightning. He whirled, to find Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart gingerly picking up the object lying on the seat. "Don't touch it!" he barked.

The Brigadier hesitated. Then he frowned and said, a trifle huffily: "No panic, Doctor. I know what I'm doing. I took a special course on mines and booby-traps."

His companion shook his head in open disapproval. He pointed to the words scrawled in the dust. "I wish you had waited," he reproved. "This seems as if the reporter might have been warning us not to touch the object."

The soldier stood erect, holding the saucer at arm's length before him. "I'll be careful, Doctor," he said. "Let's get this weird little gadget back to the laboratory where you can examine it, hey?"

Dr Who held out his hand: "It might be safer if you let me carry it. If there *are* any effects . . ."

"Nonsense!" The Brigadier smiled tolerantly. "Besides, you don't expect me to drive that odd car of yours, do you? I can never figure out all the dials and knobs, anyway!"

With a gesture of resignation, Dr Who turned away and climbed into the driving seat of his car. When they reached the UNIT building, they went straight to the laboratory, where the Brigadier placed his find on a workbench, close to the computer. He stepped away, with a mocking gesture, towards Dr Who. "It's all yours now, Doctor," he smiled. "I leave you to dissect it, while I go to my office and do some telephoning. I'll have to let the police know, and I'll call the Ministry, too, in case

they have a simple answer to our 'flying-saucer', hey?"

When the soldier had gone, Dr Who took off his cloak and hung it up. He was grumbling, half to himself: "Hm! Sometimes the military mind can be so annoying . . . Well, he can blame no one if he suffers any effects."

Jo watched as the scientist donned a protective white jacket and approached the workbench. "You really think that the writing in the dust might have been a warning?" she queried.

But the Doctor was already becoming absorbed in his study of the saucer, and only grunted as he crouched beside the bench to peer at the underside of the object.

Jo knew better than to press for an answer. She stood quietly watching as the scientist took from among his equipment some long-



handled tools. Their shape and purpose were entirely unknown to her, and she did not have the chance to learn more about them, for the Doctor said, without looking round: "Tell Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart to come here at once. It's most important."

As Jo entered the Brigadier's office, she stopped short. A sense of foreboding gripped her as she stared around the empty room.

A faint, small voice barked an urgent query from the direction of the uncluttered desk. She saw that the telephone receiver was off its hook, and lying on the blotter.

She picked it up, and listened. "Look," she said after a moment, "I've just come in here looking for Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart myself, but he's not here. Shall I get him to call you back, when I locate him?"

She replaced the receiver, and found that her hand was unsteady. She stood at the desk, controlling her nerves, and, glancing down, saw that someone had doodled a rough sketch on the blotter. For a moment she stared; then, picking up the blotter, she ran from the room.

She burst into the laboratory as the Doctor was passing a small beam of light over the saucer, from an odd-looking metering device he had brought from the *Tardis*.

"He's gone! The Brigadier has just—vanished!" said Jo, with urgent haste.

Dr Who switched off his device and snapped upright. "Gone?" he echoed.

Jo held out the blotter. "The phone was off the hook. It was the police, and they said they heard a sort of gasp before the Brigadier dropped the phone."

Dr Who held the blotter and frowned at the doodle on it. "From his desk, eh?" he queried.

Jo nodded. "I think he was trying to warn us."

He laid the blotter on the bench, and they both pored over it. "Crudely done . . . but this could be the saucer," mused the Doctor.

"Yes, and that looks like a



spaceship," put in Jo.

"Possible," he agreed. "They're linked by an arrow, see? And this black cross beside the saucer might mean—'hands off', eh?"

Jo gave a despairing shrug. "Oh, maybe we're imagining things. It's probably an ordinary doodle, and we'll find that the Brigadier just popped out of his office for a moment."

"No, Jo!" The Doctor was pulling off his white jacket. "You see, this only confirms what I've just discovered about the saucer . . . It's a remote-controlled transporter unit. Whoever touches it will suffer a molecular change that will allow them to be whisked away as captives."

The girl's eyes were wide as she

listened. "But—captives of who . . . and where?" she challenged.

The Doctor hung up his white jacket and began to don his splendid cloak. "I am not exactly sure *who*," he admitted. "But I've a shrewd idea it may be the Triolites from Ur. They were pretty well advanced with this transfer-of-matter technique when I was unfortunate enough to fall in with them during my Time travels."

Horror showed in Jo Grant's eyes. "So the farmer . . . and the reporter . . . and now the Brigadier . . . have all been—*dissolved*, and taken aboard a spaceship?" she exclaimed.

He gave her a smile of encouragement. "Yes, Jo. And it's my turn



next," he said lightly.

"Oh! You—you haven't touched it, have you?" she demanded.

He shook his head. "No. Not yet. But I *shall* in a moment or two."

"But—why?"

Dr Who beckoned her towards the workbench. "Because we've got to do something to stop the Triolites snatching any more hostages . . . You see, Jo, I suspect they're using this saucer to catch as many people as they can . . . I want to get aboard to find out how many hostages there are. And when I'm ready, I want you to operate this device that I have arranged."

He pointed to what looked like a small radio transmitter. As he explained its operation, Jo listened intently, anxious not to miss any detail.

At last, the scientist picked up

his cane and wrapped his cloak around him. "The Triolites are always impressed by appearances," he said flippantly. "Do I look imposing enough, my dear?"

She forced a smile, but it died on her dry lips as she watched him pick up the saucer. He had barely replaced it on the workbench, when a tightening of his face muscles showed that he could feel the transformation beginning in his body.

Before her horrified gaze his whole outline began to swim unsteadily. A momentary glow suffused the debonair figure—and then the Doctor had vanished into thin air . . .

He felt the tingling of the nerve-ends that came with the reassembling of bodily molecules. The mist before his eyes cleared, and he found himself facing the

glistening walls of the spaceship. He turned his eyes towards a control panel that pulsed with lights, and saw the shapeless grey mass of a Triolite.

He stepped towards the creature. It recoiled as he raised his cane. A liquid note of alarm flowed through the ship.

"Ah, yes! You're a Triolite, all right!" said Dr Who. "Afraid of your own shadows, eh? *If* you were able to cast shadows, of course!"

There was a sudden surge of more formless, grey creatures entering the control-room. They formed a menacing circle about the Doctor, though none dared to touch him. He leaned on his stick, enjoying the situation. He felt the leader reach out in telepathic communication.

"All right, I know about your weapons," the Doctor thought back in reply. "I am your prisoner.

You may take me away."

The Triolites hustled him from the room, and down a corridor to a chamber. In the centre were couches, side by side. Three men were strapped on them.

Without demur, Dr Who allowed himself to be strapped down beside them. But he wrapped his cloak tightly around him first, so that he could reach the controls hidden in an inside pocket.

The creatures from Ur raised a strange chant of triumph as they surged around the bound figures.

Dr Who turned his head to whisper to his fellow prisoners: "Farmer Breen? Reporter Breen? Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart, are there any more prisoners besides ourselves?"

The Brigadier shook his head. "I don't think so, Doctor . . . not yet."

"Don't worry," the Doctor assured him. "There'll be no more—as long as Miss Grant does exactly as I instructed her. Now, gentlemen, are you ready to go back to Earth? Then close your eyes and relax as much as you can . . ."

His fingers found the signal button under his cloak, and he pressed it. There was a few

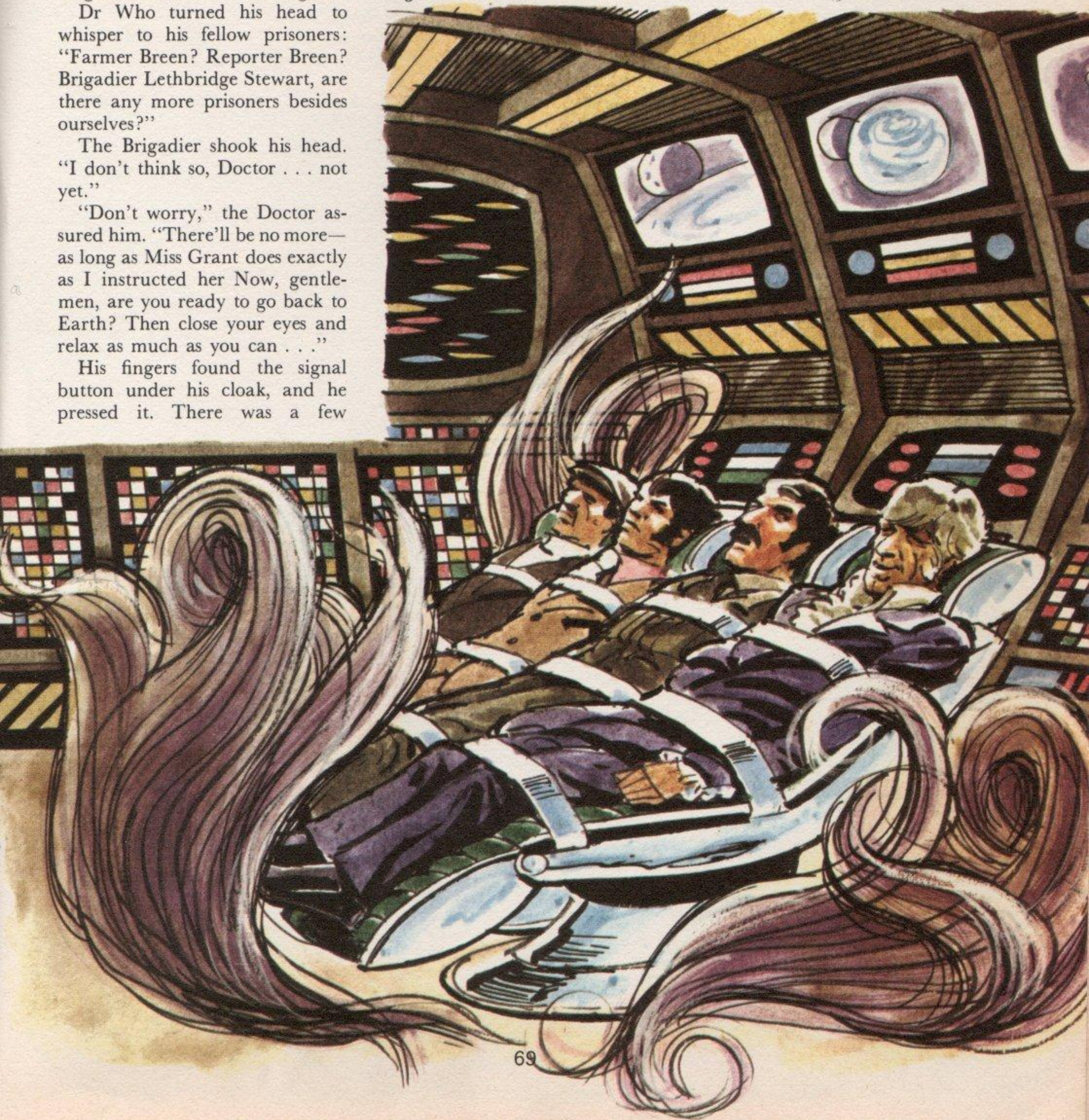
moments' pause—and then confusion struck the ship. Alarms began to shrill as circuits exploded in clouds of acrid smoke. Flames belched from instruments all around the chamber . . .

The Triolites tried to flee in utter panic. The chamber seemed to be full of their writhing, formless shapes as they recoiled from the disaster. They had no thought for their hostages, and none noticed the momentary glow that was suffusing the couches . . .

Jo sobbed with utter relief as

she suddenly found the three men around her in the laboratory. "Oh, I've never been through such awful moments of suspense before," she cried. "The minute I got your signal, Doctor, everything you told me about your device seemed to leave my mind . . . I was sure I'd done it all wrong!"

Dr Who produced a lace-trimmed handkerchief and offered it to the weeping girl. "No need for that, Jo. You did it exactly right—though I'm sure the Triolites wish you hadn't!"





the monster game

Jo Grant has been captured by some strange monsters from an unknown planet. It is up to the resourceful Dr. Who and Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart to find a way of rescuing her as soon as possible.

Play this game by joining in the hunt with Dr. Who and the Brigadier. The game is played using a dice and different coloured counters. You must throw a six to start, and obey the instructions as you go along. The winner is the first person to reach Jo and rescue her from the monsters. But you must throw six before you can rescue her.

5	4 You've taken the wrong turn. Go back to start.	3	2	1	Start
6	A large, hairy, brown monster with multiple arms is holding Dr. Who. Dr. Who is looking back over his shoulder with a worried expression. The background is a cracked, orange-brown wall.				19
7					18
8					17
9					16
10	11 Meeting with giant spiders. Miss 1 turn.	12	13 Avoid Green Men Go on to 17	14	15

23

24
Captured!
Miss 2 turns

25

26

27

28

22

29

21

30

20

31 Find
details
of secret
passage.
Have
another
go.

37

36 Trapped in
weightlessness
tunnel. Go back
to 29 to escape.

35

34

33

32

38 Fight
with the
enemy.
Miss 1
turn.

39

Finish



The big two-motor Service helicopter hovered over the desert a hundred miles north of Alice Springs. Doctor Who and Jo Grant sat with Professor Hart, Director of I.C.A.

The Doctor, for the dozenth time since they had flown into the area, adjusted the lenses of the peculiar spectacles he was wearing and exclaimed, "there it is! Now will you believe? Look!" He snatched the spectacles from his head and passed them to Hart. "Look for yourself. There's one of the peculiar things they come in. As I conjectured at our last seminar, Hart, these things are like nothing that the mind of any man of science could believe could even exist in a universe like ours."

Hart stared through the spectacles and turned a blank face to the Doctor. "All I can see are the reddish rocks and the empty sand," he said, "The sky's empty except for the heat-waves."

The Doctor clicked his tongue in annoyance. "It's like this always. Adjust those two thin screws on each lens. Any results now?"

"By jove," Hart said, after his fingers had found the screws. Then he laughed and took off the spectacles. "For a moment I thought I saw . . . but no, Doctor, it's this hobby-horse of yours again. The Aliens are really invisible, a thing which contradicts all my science but is obviously true. It seems that science will always bring up something quite new."

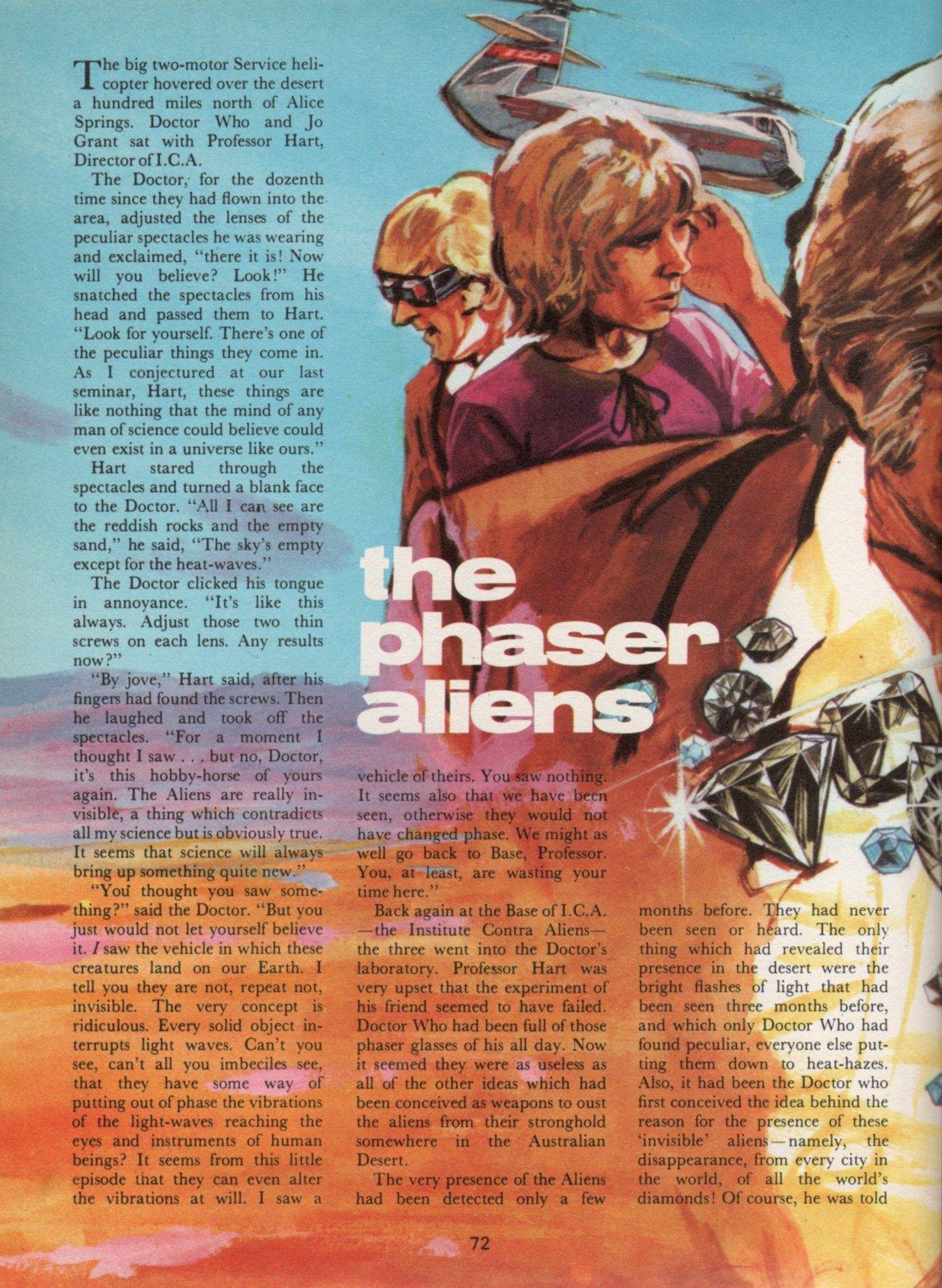
"You thought you saw something?" said the Doctor. "But you just would not let yourself believe it. I saw the vehicle in which these creatures land on our Earth. I tell you they are not, repeat not, invisible. The very concept is ridiculous. Every solid object interrupts light waves. Can't you see, can't all you imbeciles see, that they have some way of putting out of phase the vibrations of the light-waves reaching the eyes and instruments of human beings? It seems from this little episode that they can even alter the vibrations at will. I saw a

vehicle of theirs. You saw nothing. It seems also that we have been seen, otherwise they would not have changed phase. We might as well go back to Base, Professor. You, at least, are wasting your time here."

Back again at the Base of I.C.A.—the Institute Contra Aliens—the three went into the Doctor's laboratory. Professor Hart was very upset that the experiment of his friend seemed to have failed. Doctor Who had been full of those phaser glasses of his all day. Now it seemed they were as useless as all of the other ideas which had been conceived as weapons to oust the aliens from their stronghold somewhere in the Australian Desert.

The very presence of the Aliens had been detected only a few

months before. They had never been seen or heard. The only thing which had revealed their presence in the desert were the bright flashes of light that had been seen three months before, and which only Doctor Who had found peculiar, everyone else putting them down to heat-hazes. Also, it had been the Doctor who first conceived the idea behind the reason for the presence of these 'invisible' aliens—namely, the disappearance, from every city in the world, of all the world's diamonds! Of course, he was told



the phaser aliens



he was mad, and when he could give no reason why only diamonds were missing, and from every country, and when the police were powerless, he had to stop talking and start thinking.

Then it began to be reported that carborundum was beginning to vanish, and steel, and he almost gave it up. The reports of the early light-flashes put him on the scent, and he began his experiments in optics. By this time, the Institute Contra Aliens was started, and Doctor Who was permitted to indulge his fancies in amongst the other scientists who gathered at Alice Springs to crack this strange puzzle.

Doctor Who was full of theories about the odd events. He had never in his long life thought any theory too outlandish to ignore. When, therefore, on their arrival back at Base, information awaited the Professor that a Government Conference was called for Canberra and he flew off at once, Who was relieved.

"Now, Jo, my dear child," said Dr Who energetically, "you and I can get busy. I'm leaving you in charge of the manufacture of as many of these glasses as we can get. We can't know how many of them we may need, and the more we have the merrier."

"I suppose we have the authority, Doctor?" asked Jo doubtfully, and he grinned like a mischievous boy.

"I don't need any authority, Jo," he told her. "I am the only

man in the world at present who has the faintest idea of what to do about this crisis. If you can call it a crisis, that is. You know, not one single human being or animal has so far been injured by these Aliens. Now a species able to come and go, unseen, as they wish, and abstract diamonds from wherever they are displayed, without hurting anyone, needs a lot of respect."

"Would I be right," Jo said shrewdly, "in thinking that the fact that diamonds are the hardest known things has anything to do with it?"

"Hit the nail on the head first time, child," he congratulated her. "When they added carborundum and still more steel and all sorts of other hard substances, I did begin to sit up."

"And, knowing you," she sighed, "you won't tell me any more until you want to? All I do

is get on with making spectacles. While you, I suppose, as usual, will relapse into great, deep thoughts about the universe and space and time and dimensions and all sorts of things that most people hardly know exist."

"Tut! Tut! Jo," he chided her. "As a matter of fact, no. I've begun thinking of our mysterious guests, or invaders, or visitors, or whatever they are, as Phaser Aliens. You know my ideas about that. Now, if I am right, and, of course, I always am, the logical step after the glasses, is a gun! If these Aliens

Various large installations will one day be set up on the moon. One will be a vacuum laboratory. Another will be an astronomical observatory on the other side of the moon. And some day there might even be a lunar sanitarium for heart patients! The moon's gravity makes the human body very light in weight, thus imposing much less strain on hearts.

can put out of phase the electromagnetic radiations of light that they and their ships and their other objects emit, surely there should be some way by which I might fabricate some mechanism which might, at least, like the spectacles, make them visible, but might further do something to their light-phases which might upset them, to put it mildly."

"Professor Hart couldn't see anything through the glasses," she said, twirling the spectacles in her fingers.

"Professor Hart may be the Director of I.C.A.," laughed the Doctor, "but he is not your friend the Doctor, by many a thousand years, my child."

The phaser 'gun' that Doctor Who was dreaming about turned out to be more difficult than even he had thought. He was working on theories alone, and soon found it necessary to go back to the desert, this time with every instrument he thought might be useful.

Apart from the pilot he was alone this time, and in place of any other passengers his instruments, for measuring light photons, for taking the parallaxes of various stars, and so on, were rigged up.

He wore a pair of his phaser glasses, but the pilot had none. Doctor Who intended sharing no more theories with scoffers. They went further than on the previous occasion, and he saw things which made him want to whoop. But he kept everything to himself, merely set all the cameras rolling, and started his measurements.

The vehicle, at a great distance, looked rather like a box-kite, and he felt certain it was openwork with no solid hull. That would mean that the Aliens were not





air-breathing! In wide sweeps he directed the pilot to go further and further afield.

At a very great distance, through a telescope, he glimpsed what he could only name the 'Towers', tall, tapering structures unidentifiable at that distance, and a difficulty now arose.

"Going too far for the fuel, Doc," said the pilot, and Doctor Who ground his teeth in annoyance.

"You mean to say this great thing can't carry enough fuel for a trip like this?" demanded the Doctor.

The pilot shrugged. "It's all your circling round, Doc," he grinned. "In a straight line, we'd have had hours more flying. Y'see, it's the sweeps that use up the gas—"

"Never mind," snapped the Doctor. "Go as far as you dare, and leave us enough for return. I don't fancy being stranded in this desert at the mercy of these invisible Aliens."

"Ha," said the pilot, "I'd say you were wasting your time. I don't believe there's anyone there at all. I figure these diamonds are being *hidden* on purpose by a ring of guys who want to force up the international price."

"Look out!" bellowed Doctor Who, and instinctively he ducked. Through his phaser glasses he saw the group of objects approaching, or rather sweeping, towards them. To his intense astonishment, the bunch of . . . what could he call them . . . *things* were flying clear through the helicopter!

It was the weirdest sensation, and what made it odder still was the plain fact that the pilot saw or felt nothing at all! Doctor Who's flesh crept. Were these things *intangible* as well as invisible? Could they not be *touched* as well as not seen?

"Starting back now, Doc," said the pilot evenly "Daren't risk it any further. You got all the measurements and photos you want?"

Doctor Who could only nod dumbly and wave his hand vaguely towards the south. For one day, certainly he had had more than enough.

Back at Base, he took Jo into the photography rooms with him, and together they watched as the films reeled out of the tanks. At first Jo was puzzled, then she began to see the dim shapes.

"And those are our Aliens?" she said, and he nodded solemnly.

The films were filled with the vague, smoky shapes, each a distinct entity, however, and roughly man-sized, though very far from being man-shaped.

"Like poached eggs to me," giggled Jo, and he didn't scold her, For the nucleus, the dark spot near the middle of the shadow-



shapes, did bear some resemblance to the yolk of an egg.

"But I didn't feel anything," he muttered. "They seemed to float right *through* the aircraft. Right, Jo," he said energetically, "back to the drawing board, you to your spectacles and me to analyse the data from my optical instruments and get some grip upon that phaser-gun notion."

In three days he had the first prototype ready for action, and it was mounted on a copter with spare fuel tanks. This time, he was not going to be forced back before his object had been achieved. He was waiting for the Professor as the Director's jet landed on the strip.

"We're flying right away, Hart," he rapped, almost before the Director had stepped down. "Not a moment to lose. I have a weapon that will destroy these . . . these . . .

things. Here's a pair of the glasses for you."

"Hey, hold on," protested Hart. "Give me a chance to settle in. I have had no chance to brief you on the Government Conference—"

"No time for that, my dear fellow," said Dr Who firmly. "I can't brief *you*. But at last, Professor, we're going into action. At last we can see these enemies and I can theorise as to their purposes. The copter's over there."

As with many other men who had reluctantly allowed Doctor Who to whirl them along away from their own paths, Professor Hart allowed himself to be 'shanghaid'. Aboard the big 'copter, the Doctor showed him the films he had taken three days before.

"There's your 'invisible' aliens, Professor," he said. "Solid enough, they look there, don't they? That

trick they have of apparently being able to slide their atoms in between the atoms of other solid objects, was really a surprise to me. But I'm ready to swear I felt not the faintest touch as they flowed through us. Here we come, close to where I first glimpsed them. Now, what do you think?"

Hart was dumbfounded. Certainly this strange man had delivered the goods. These creatures were certainly solid and living enough. He opened his mouth with a dozen questions, but Dr Who was busy with the strange, glittering mechanism mounted in the 'copter with a narrow tube protruding through the hull.

"I'm going to show you the vehicles they come on," said Who crisply. "I say on and not in, for I'm convinced these things are not

air-breathers and that their spaceships are not sealed containers like ours. I know, of course, almost nothing about them. One thing is certain, they are not from our own solar system. I should guess that they have come, probably one of many sent out among the stars, many millions of miles, probably from another galaxy. I'd say they have no bodies like ours, don't breathe or eat or drink. Probably exist on direct absorption of radiation or electro-magnetism—" He broke off. "Here they come, a great horde of them. They know that we are on to them. I'm guessing they have no weapons; at least, they've never used any. They never seem to have killed or hurt anyone in all the weeks they've been on Earth. But one cannot permit your world to be invaded. Diamonds I have no use for, but your Earth must be kept inviolate. I'm going in to let these creatures know they are trespassing, Professor. Okay with you?"

"Definitely the main conclusion of the Conference," nodded Hart.

Dr Who went to the switches of his strange instrument and, as the horde of smoky shapes came closer, it began to be obvious that his optical measurements of the phases of the creatures were correct. A myriad sparks began to flash all

round them as the 'copter plunged through them. They did not see, but from the sparks appeared the dying bodies of the Aliens, like weird, leathery pieces that drifted like tumbleweed and dissipated in the hot sands below.

The Doctor pointed ahead. "See those tapering towers, Director? That's where they live—if you can call it living. Their spaceship, possibly several, rests there. All my tests are complete now, Professor. We go back to Base. Jo will have many of the phaser spectacles ready. There'll be enough 'copters equipped with my phaser gun now in production back there. When we're ready, we'll move in and sweep them all up."

Hart gestured towards the glittering weapon. "Aren't we going to do the job with this?"

Doctor Who shook his head and smiled. "Dear me, no, Director," he laughed. "I've far too much respect for the Aliens than that. We've not *seen* any weapons they may have. But we have them off balance. They probably still think they are making themselves invisible to us. No, we'll come back, in maybe two days, and I think I can promise you a few sacks full of the diamonds that our visitors themselves, so airy and insubstantial, are probably collecting to worship, as the hardest things they have ever encountered in the universe."



The Seven Wonders of the World

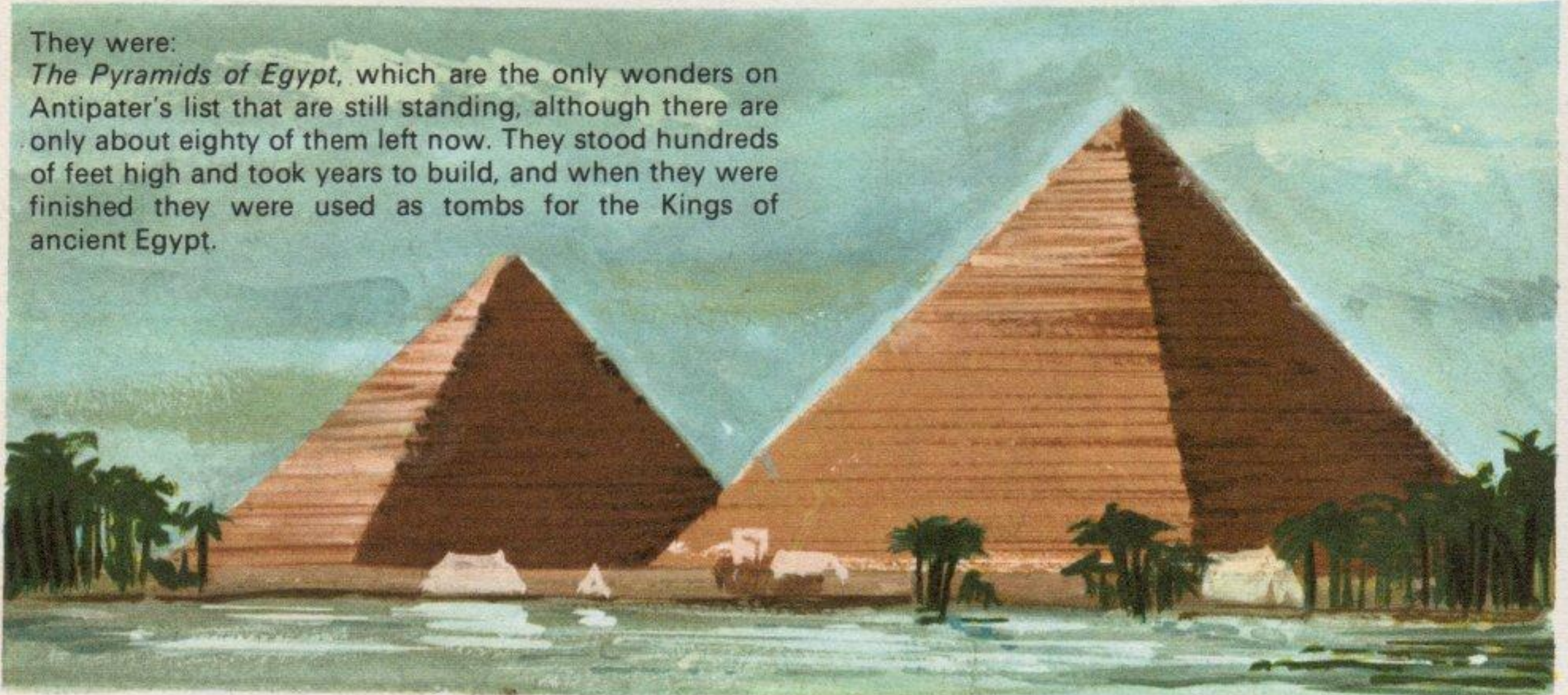
On his travels through time and space, Dr Who has seen all the marvels of the modern technological world, but the ancient peoples who lived thousands of years ago had their wonders, too.

Antipater of Sidon was a very famous Greek poet

who lived in the 100s BC. The ancient Greeks and Romans were very keen travellers, and they had great regard for buildings and statues of beauty, so Antipater compiled a list of what he considered to be the Seven Wonders of the World.

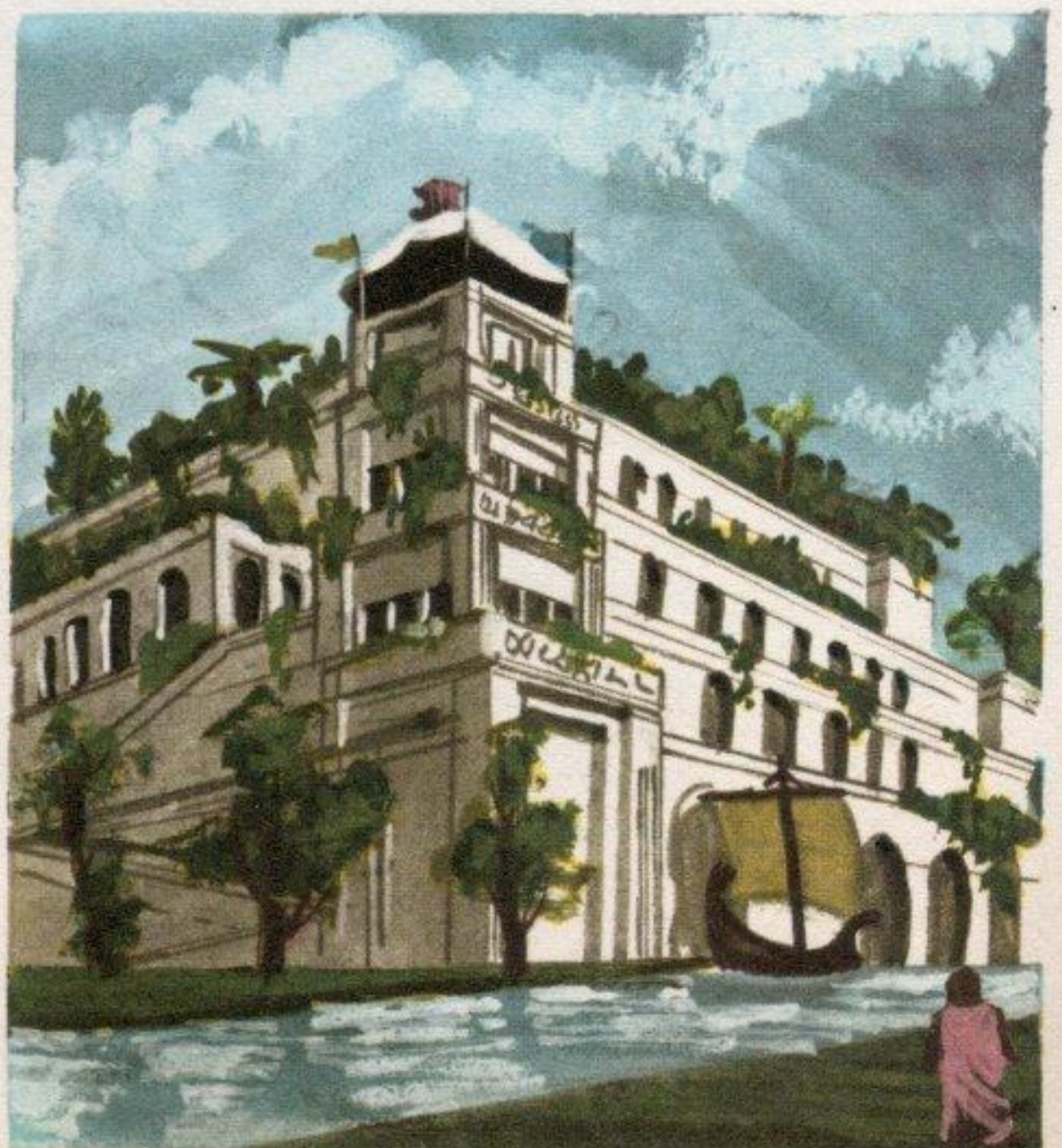
They were:

The Pyramids of Egypt, which are the only wonders on Antipater's list that are still standing, although there are only about eighty of them left now. They stood hundreds of feet high and took years to build, and when they were finished they were used as tombs for the Kings of ancient Egypt.

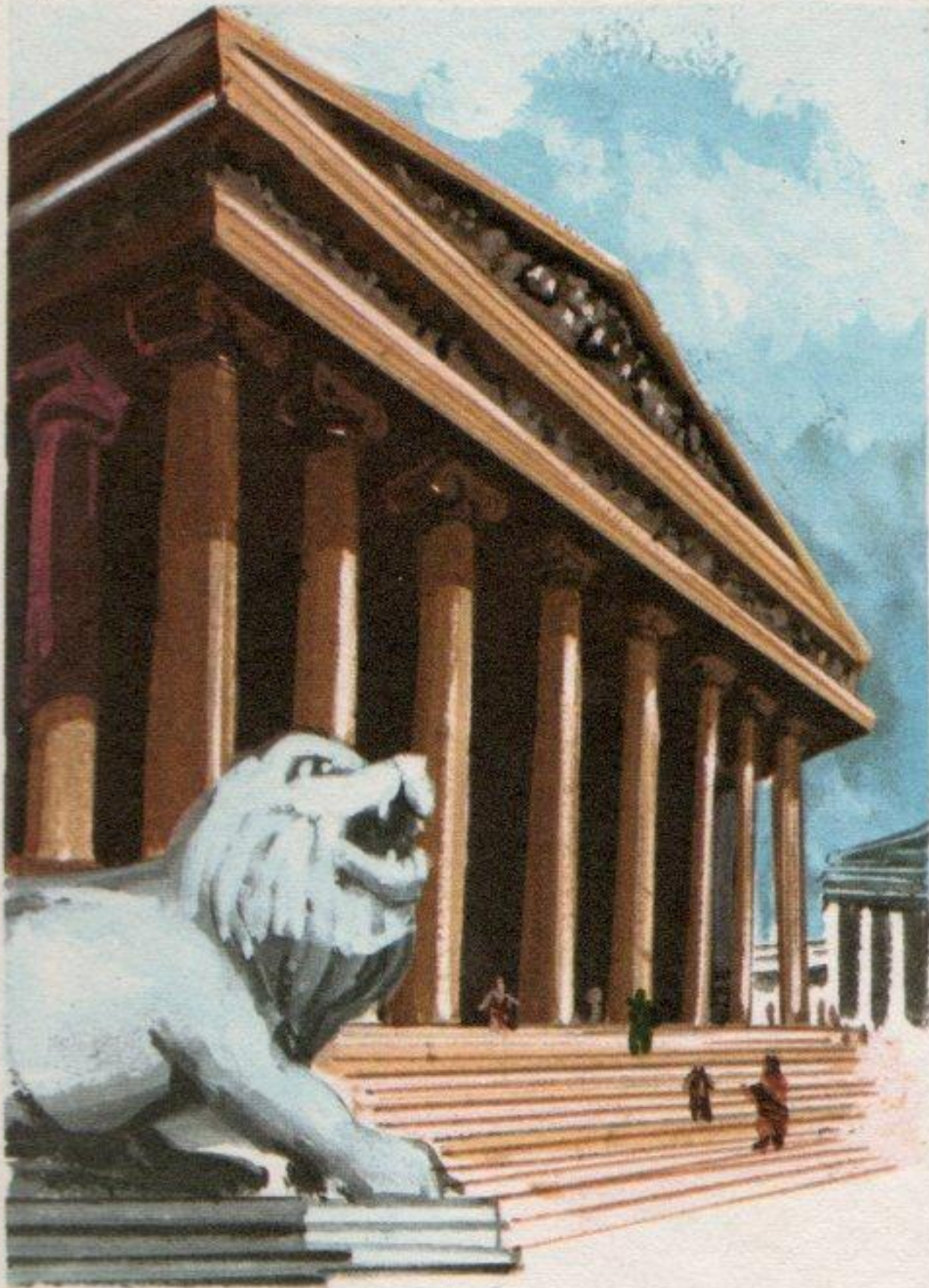


The Statue of Zeus at Olympia was carved by Phidias, a great Greek sculptor, for the site of the original Olympic Games. The great statue stood forty feet high, carved in ivory and gold, and depicted the chief Greek god, Zeus, sitting majestically on his throne.

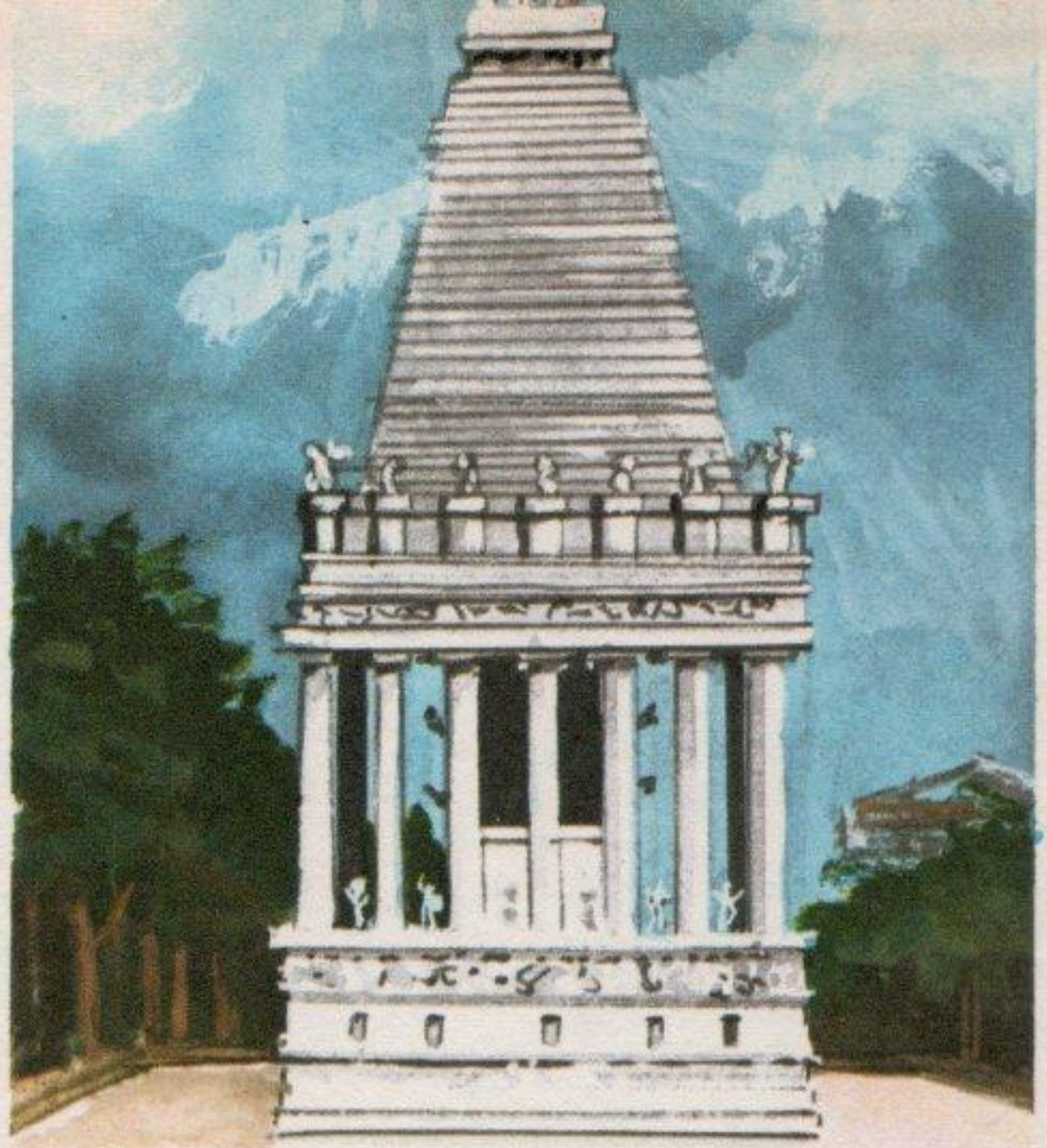
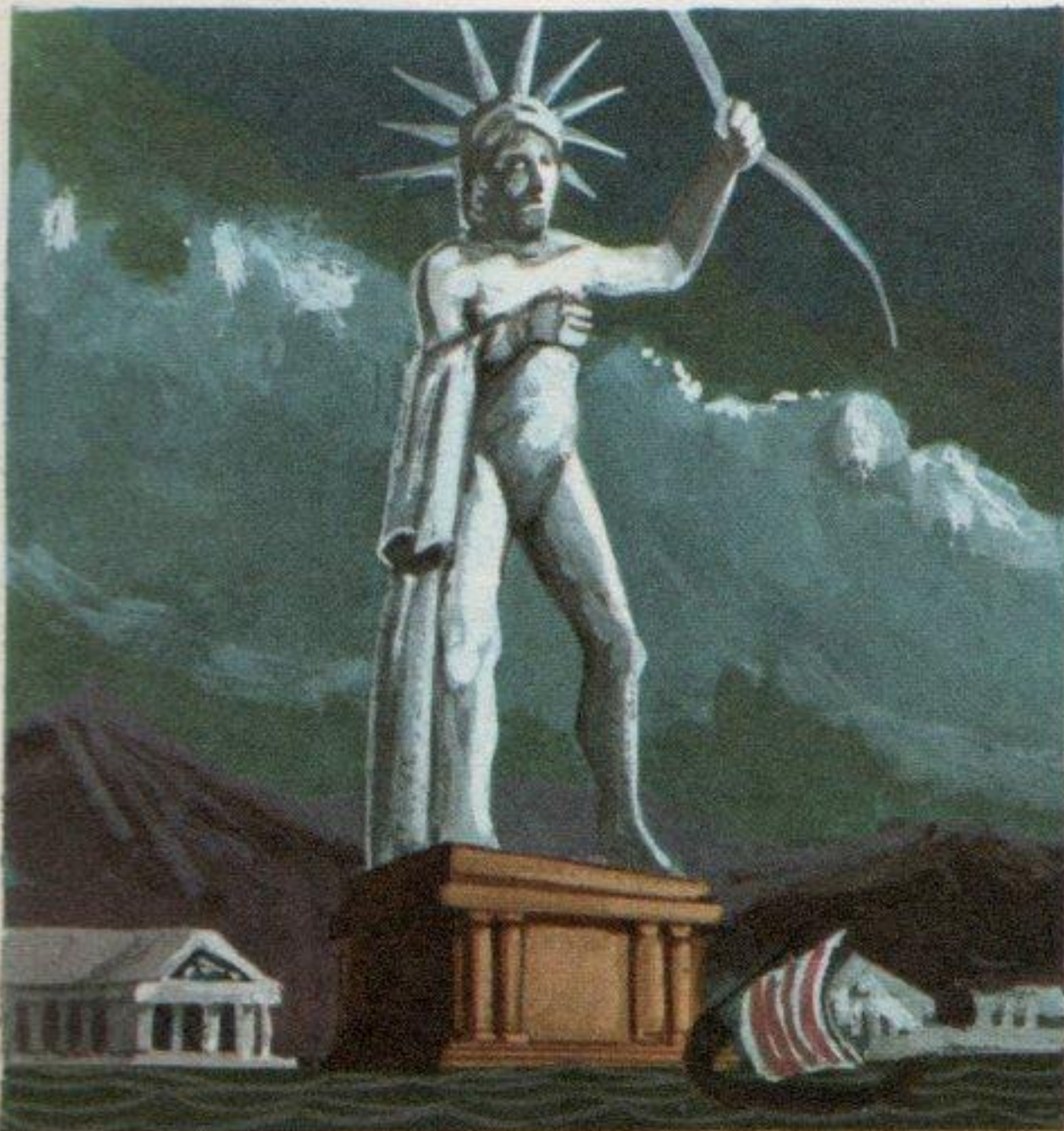
The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were built by King Nebuchadnezzar for his wife. She had lived up in the mountains all her life, so to make her feel at home on the plains where they were to live he had a series of terraces planted with shrubs and flowers built for her.



The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was built entirely of marble and took more than 120 years to complete. It was more than 400 feet long, and the heavy roof was supported by 100 columns, each 60 feet high. It was built in honour of Diana, the Roman goddess of wild animals and hunting.



The Colossus of Rhodes was a huge statue of Helios, the sun god. He was said to wake every morning in the east, to drive his sun-chariot through the sky, then to return in a winged golden boat in the evening. His statue stood by the harbour on the island of Rhodes.



The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus was a gigantic structure which was more than 140 feet high. It was erected by Queen Artemisia in memory of her husband, King Mausolus of Caria in Asia Minor, who died in 353 BC.



The Pharos of Alexandria was a lighthouse that is thought to have stood more than 400 feet high. It was built on an island in the harbour during the reign of Ptolemy II, who lived from 308–245 BC, to warn sailors that they were approaching the great Egyptian city of Alexandria.

Those are Antipater's Seven Wonders of the World. If you had to choose seven wonders of the modern world, what would they be?

